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OH, WHERE HAS SUMMER GONE?

BY E. L.

The hills are bright with sumach spires
And plumes of golden rod,
Gay leaves like banners deck the trees,
To russet turns the sod;
The rushing wind sweeps through the glen,
And whistles o'er the lawn;
Strange sights and sounds are everywhere—
Oh, where has summer gone?

The days grow short, the nights grow chill,
A breath of winter stirs:
Some unseen hand sets open wide
The ripening chestnut burs;
Pale asters shiver with the cold,
And hoar-frost greets the dawn,
While snowflakes scud before the gale—
Oh, where has summer gone?

LOVER AND LORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ANGEL UNAWARES" "A SHOCKING SCANDAL." "SOWING AND REAPING," "PEGGY," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER II.—[CONTINUED.]

PERHAPS something in the gray eyes had warned him not to go too far while Nora was still free.

Whatever the cause, the look of stern displeasure passed away; he drew forward a low chair, fetched a cup of tea from the Queen Anne table at which Mrs. Bruce, in her smartest tea-gown, was presiding, and ministered to the girl's wants with courteous care, while her step-mother with adoring eyes followed his every movement.

Nora sipped her tea, feeling wretchedly guilty and restless now that she could no longer comfort herself with a justifiable anger.

Of course she had behaved badly—she always did now, she thought.

Having made a bargain with Lord de Gretton, she was bound in honor to fulfil her share of the contract.

She knew that he was coming; as his promised wife, she should have been there to meet him, decked out in her best, fresh, bright, and smiling, with an eager welcome in her eyes.

In such fashion she had met Arthur Beaupre, needing no teaching then—to make herself fair in his sight had been so glad and easy a task.

Then she was proud indeed to see that the face reflected in the cracked old mirror was fresh and fair as the dew-washed roses she pinned at her white throat or in her soft blue-black hair.

Then she rejoiced that the happy eyes were big and darkly gray, that the tall girl-figure was slender and graceful.

Now——

"My dear Nora, you are cold," Lord de Gretton said, taking the hot hand in his own cool clasp and regarding the girl with much anxiety.

"No, your pulse is over-quick: and yet I saw you shiver!"

"Some one has walked over my grave perhaps," she said, with a forlorn attempt at mingled ease and smartness.

And then she suddenly remembered that her grave would be in the ancestral vault of the De Grettons, a vast and ponderous edifice of brick and stone, iron-clamped, ivy covered; and the thought of any profane intruder scrambling over that exclusive resting-place caused her to laugh insanely.

"Nora has not been very well lately," Mrs. Bruce broke in, with such a desperate glance as only made the girl laugh with more hysteric passion.

"So I see," Lord de Gretton answered quietly—he had taken his place beside her now, had thrown one arm across the back of her chair in an easy proprietorial fashion that made Nora wince and sit more upright than she had ever sat before—and he kept his strangely bright eyes fixed upon her face.

"A little thin and a little pale, for all the sunburn, and I think a little hysterical," he said slowly. "Has she seen a doctor, Mrs. Bruce?"

"Oh, no, no!" Nora interrupted, in vehement protest, before Mrs. Bruce could begin her smiling, deprecatory answer. "I never was better in my life, Lord de Gretton; and the sight of a doctor always makes me ill."

Lord de Gretton elevated his brows in gentle toleration of her vehemence—why, Nora wondered, did he wish to marry a girl who jarred upon him so continually?—and said, pleasantly enough—

"We will take the patient's word, and dismiss the thought of a doctor.

"Perhaps you have been overworked this week."

She knew what he meant—that visions of milliners and dressmakers all toiling at the *trousseau* of the future Lady de Gretton and making a lay-figure of the present Miss Bruce flitted before his well-pleased eyes.

But she knew also how lamentably she had failed in this duty, and answered, with reckless discourteous candor—

"Oh, no; Mrs. Bruce and Cristine have had all the work!

"I have chosen nothing."

The smooth face darkened significantly; but Lord de Gretton turned to the two women with the smile of conventional courtesy which he produced at will.

"Mrs. Bruce and Miss Singleton are too good. But——"

"But this naughty child is too lazy. I quite agree with your lordship. Still she has great confidence in our taste, and Cristine takes a real artistic pleasure in the task of selection; so, after all, the freak of our dear little wilful Nora is not so surprising."

With the words she came over from her table, and gave her step-daughter an endearing pat-tap, intended, the girl knew, partly to call her to order and partly to show the easy and affectionate terms on which they stood.

Cristine, who had taken a seat in the distant window, and worked in silence through the whole discussion, raised her fair head from the tapestry-frame and listened with a curious sort of smile.

"Nothing is surprising, my dear Mrs. Bruce; but some things are a little odd," Lord de Gretton answered blandly; "and perhaps this fancy of dear Nora's may be classed among them."

"Do you wish me to choose my own dresses?" Nora asked abruptly—she was weary of being discussed and apologized for in her own presence, and thought the point-blank question would stop that at least.

"I should be glad to see your own taste exercised, certainly."

"Then it shall be in future," she said, and fully intended to keep the promise thus made.

One part of her marriage-vow she could keep faithfully—in all things she would obey Lord de Gretton, if she could give him neither love nor honor.

He seemed satisfied with words, ungracious and ungrateful as they were, and thanked her in his old-fashioned courtly way.

"And now," he added, with a smile which in its graciousness included Mrs. Bruce and Cristine—"now that you have promised to show some interest in a subject that to most girls would be absorbing, I may venture to offer—my little gift."

He placed a jewel-case on the girl's lap, and leaned back the better to contemplate her anticipated raptures.

Mrs. Bruce bent forward eagerly, her stout form all quivering with eagerness, her bright black eyes aglow; even Cristine abandoned her picturesque frame, and came forward with her graceful gliding step a little quickened, drawn to the magnetic stone.

With cold and trembling fingers, with a heart that was colder still, Nora Bruce raised the satin-lined lid, and disclosed such a flashing radiance of prismatic light as fairly dazzled her.

She had seen few diamonds in her life; the fiery snake that curled around her slim finger and announced her to all the world as Lord de Gretton's property had seemed a costly jewel to the three women; it would hardly have been noticed in this gleaming coruscation.

Mrs. Bruce looked at them, closed her eyes, and gave one breathless gasp.

Cristine slipped down gently to her knees touching the costly gems with timidly reverent fingers.

Never had she knelt in such honest worship before.

Her cold eyes actually softened, and there came a faint pink color into the fair pale cheeks.

"Bracelets, Nora, collarette, and earrings!" she cried in a hushed ecstasy. "Oh, Nora, you happy girl!"

"Happy indeed!" Mrs. Bruce added fervently.

"Often and often in other happy days have I heard speak of the De Gretton diamonds.

"These are they, I suppose!"

"They are re-set for the latest and loveliest lady of the line," his lordship said, with his quaint old-fashioned gallantry. Their unmeasured admiration delighted him—it was the effect he had calculated on producing.

Then he turned to Nora.

"And you, Nora? What have you to say?"

What could the dazed girl say?

Her heart ached with a dull cruel pain; the lustre of the jewels seemed to scorch her like a living flame.

Lovely as they were, they seemed, in that moment, the actual chains of her wedded slavery, and she shrank from them with a helpless childish terror.

"They are beautiful!" she said awkwardly.

Then, seeing that the words or tone somehow disappointed him, she added deprecatingly—

"They are thrown away on me, you know.

"I am too ignorant to appreciate such royal splendors."

His face cleared instantly; he took the case from her, placed it upon the table, and lifting the heavy necklet that flashed like flame within his slim white fingers, made as though he would clasp it round her throat.

But she grew very pale, and drew back quickly.

"Oh, no, no!" Nora cried in vehement protest, while her face flushed hotly under the cold displeasure of his look.

"Not on me—on this dress! Let Cristine try them on."

Cristine, in her cool fair beauty, in her well-fitting, daintily neat white dress, certainly looked a more fitting wearer for the costly gems, and she was not reluctant to relieve her sister of the proposed task.

She shook her blond head indeed, and uttered a little protesting "Oh!" but her eyes turned eagerly to Lord de Gretton, and she looked decidedly disappointed when he pushed the casket angrily from him, and said, with a heavy frown—

"I have no right to trouble Miss Singleton."

"Oh, Cristine would be most happy, I am sure!

"Would you not my dear?" Mrs. Bruce put in, in a little flutter of delighted amiability, and with an eager glance across to Cristine.

But neither heeding the obliging answer nor waiting for Miss Singleton's reply, his lordship went on savagely, never shifting his frozen-looking eyes from Nora's pale face—

"But with you, Nora, it is different. I must admit I thought that you would take sufficient interest in the jewels to endure the slight fatigue of fastening them on."

"And she will, of course," Mrs. Bruce broke in eagerly.

She suffered daily tortures in her dread that the brilliant match which was to do so much for the Bruce and Singleton families would somehow be broken off, and spared no means to make Nora docile and amenable to the will of her future lord.

"The foolish child is dazzled by the jewels Lord de Gretton.

"You forget what a little schoolgirl she is.

"Come, Nora dear, let me make you as brilliant as the fairy-queen herself."

Nora yielded then, of course; and, almost before she knew what her step-mother was about, the necklet was clasped on, the bracelets fastened, the pendant-butterflies drawn through the girl's ears, and, with a final laugh of triumph, Mrs. Bruce placed the glittering tiara on the wind-blown dusky locks.

"Now, foolish child, look at the splendors you shrank from!" she cried, as she drew Nora to the big oak-framed mirror on which the full sunlight fell.

The girl raised her eyes, and, for the moment could hardly believe that it was indeed Nora Bruce she looked upon.

That nature had been kind to her she knew; but the girl who looked back from the mirror with wide gray eyes of solemn wonder wore her novel splendors with a right royal grace.

What mattered the shabby holland dress when the form it clothed was so stately in its young slimness?

What matter that the blue-black hair rippled untidily when the small head it crowned uplifted itself so proudly beneath that other crown of living light?

The diamonds flashed and glittered in the sunshine till they made her eyes ache; but her own beauty dazzled her more.

There was no vanity in that heart-sick recognition of a supreme self-owned charm.

For the first time she understood her power over a cold selfish man like Lord de Gretton—understood how it was that he had wandered from his own world and stooped to woo with passionate persistency a wife from another sphere.

And, understanding that, she hated her own face because it was fair, and turned from the glass with something like loathing and disgust.

"My beautiful Nora!" Lord de Gretton said proudly.

Her obedience had quite restored his amiability.

His cold eyes lighted up with unmistakable approval and a look of proud possession that sent a cold thrill through the girl's veins.

"What do you say, Mrs. Bruce? Do the diamonds suit her?"

"As though she were born to them!" Mrs. Bruce answered enthusiastically.

"But I always did say that our dear Nora had a sort of regal look as though she were destined to some higher fate."

In spite of herself, Nora smiled at her step-mother's ecstasies.

Until Lord de Gretton came upon the scene she had been to all appearance disposed to think the girl's destiny was to play second in every way to her own daughter, to perform all duties that Cristine neglected

and retire into the background whenever that young lady chose to come to the very front.

But all things had changed since the engagement—nothing more marvellously than Mrs. Bruce's estimate of the attractions and rights of her husband's only child.

CHAPTER III.

DEAR me, Cristine, I shall be glad when it is all over!" Mrs. Bruce said as she threw her lace parasol upon the nearest sofa, her gloves upon the table, and her portly person in a big arm-chair.

"So shall I," Cristine returned, with her clear short little laugh that always suggested something disagreeable in reserve.

"As you may imagine, it is not pleasant for me, everywhere and with everybody, to play second fiddle to Nora Bruce."

Mrs. Bruce paused in her occupation of fanning herself to survey her daughter anxiously.

Miss Singleton presented a notable contrast to her overheated parent; a long afternoon of shopping and visiting had left her quite cold and calm.

She looked very fair and tranquil in her dainty dress of peacock-blue, with the pale blue feather resting on her bright hair.

"It is hard dear," the mother said, with heartfelt sympathy, "and not what we expected, of course.

"Still it is to be, and we must make the best of it.

"Forget that it is Nora Bruce we have to deal with, and think only of what Lady de Gretton can do for us all."

Miss Singleton shrugged her graceful shoulders, and showed all her pretty teeth in an undisguised yawn.

"How you do prose, mother!" she cried impatiently.

"Of course I remember that always, or I should not tolerate her at all.

"I have no patience with the scheming little wretch!"

"My dear, she bears her greatness very meekly," the elder woman said, in an apologetic tone.

"I am sure she might turn the tables on you and me, if she chose, Crissie; but she moves about like a shadow, and hardly cares to have a will of her own."

"I hate her for that," Cristine broke in, with sudden fury that startled her mother.

"She has and takes all that this world can give her, yet she goes about with a martyr's air, as though her thoughts were centred wholly in the next.

"She means to marry Lord de Gretton next week, yet she cries her eyes out every night, as though she were Arthur Beaupre's new-made widow."

"Oh, hush, Cristine!" Mrs. Bruce cried quickly, while her big black eyes wandered in an alarmed fashion round the gorgeous unfamiliar room.

"You know I never speak of poor Arthur to her, and she may hear you now."

"She cannot hear me, for the excellent reason that she is upstairs in her own room trying to sleep away a headache, she says—kissing and crying over her dead lover's picture, I suppose!" Cristine answered scornfully.

"And, as for your ostrich policy, mother, what good do you hope to do by that? Do you think that naming him will make her forget?"

"I trust she has forgotten," Mrs. Bruce said, with a pious horror of her daughter's reckless words.

"In a few days it will be a sin for Lord de Gretton's wife to remember even the dead in that romantic fashion."

"Then Lord de Gretton's wife will be the wickedest of women," Cristine declared lightly, "for, if I know her, Nora will forget her dead lover only when she herself is dead.

"She is making a bargain you know, and, to do her justice, she has never professed to give her lord and master any sort of love. As it is I believe the conscience-stricken little fool half expects that Arthur will break in upon the sacrificial rite somewhat after the fashion of Alonzo the Brave, and bear her away to the tomb."

"Cristine, how can you talk so horribly!" Mrs. Bruce interrupted, with a shudder. "Do ring for tea, child, and see who has called to-day."

Cristine obeyed both orders—touched the silver bell, and drew the ormolu tray towards her, turning over the various cards with negligent haste.

It was a very different list of names from that she had been wont to read in the old Nettleton days.

The Bruces' visiting-list had increased enormously since since, by Lord de Gretton's desire, they had taken the furnished house at South Kensington from which Nora's wedding was to take place.

Titles were common here as "Misses" had been in the old china dish at Nettleton, and though Mrs. Bruce still approached the ennobling "handles" with a species of awe Cristine, being younger and more adaptable, had soon learned to rattle them off with well-bred indifference.

"Sir Walter and Lady Tresham, Mrs. Grant, Lady Villiers, Mr. Cameron Maxwell, and—mother!—Lady Olivia Blake."

The first three or four names were read off in a clear low monotone as names of small account—the last without a trace of affectation.

Cristine's fair face actually flushed with a sort of excitement as with a significant laugh she looked across the table. Mrs. Bruce stared half sleepily back.

"I am very stupid, I dare say, Cristine," she said apologetically; "but there have been so many callers lately, and"—drawing herself up a little—"so many 'Ladies' and 'Honorables' among them, that I cannot quite say I know which was Lady Olivia Blake."

"Oh!"

Cristine shook her bright head impatiently; but as the footman just then brought in the tea, she bit her pretty underlip, and kept in the irreverent words with which her mother's dense stupidity would otherwise have been rebuked.

Hardly had the door closed upon him, however, when she cried almost indignantly—

"Surely, mother, you cannot forget her name?"

Mrs. Bruce looked depressed, and quietly sipped her tea, and searched her memory in vain.

"When did she call, dear, and who is she?"

"I have not heard of her calling, and she is Lord de Gretton's cousin.

"Don't you remember, mother, what Mrs. Maynlan told us about her at the Dorntons' garden-party—what the 'Universe' said?"

With a startled and uncomfortable look Mrs. Bruce set down her cup.

"Good gracious, yes! And she has really called! She was engaged to him, was she not?"

Cristine shook her head with a very sceptical air.

"Hardly that, I think, or she would have held him by a stronger chain and made a more open proclamation of her wrongs.

"No.

"He flirted with her desperately, there is no doubt of that.

"She is wonderfully handsome still, though the Peerage reveals the awkward fact that she is nearly five-and-thirty. Mrs. Maynlan says he was like her shadow all last year, and he even allowed her to wear the De Gretton diamonds—indeed the story goes that the first hint she had of his perfidy was his taking the jewels back to have them reset for Nora."

"Hush—here is Nora!" Mrs. Bruce, who had been listening with open-eyed and open-mouthed interest, suddenly returned to her as her step-daughter came into the room.

"Is your head better, dear?" she asked, with the anxious interest she always manifested now in the girl's very slightest ailment.

"Cristine, give your sister a cup of tea. You look a little better for your rest."

"I am better, thank you," Nora said quietly, "though I have not been resting all the time. I had some visitors to entertain."

Mrs. Bruce and Cristine exchanged glances, and the former said, with something like a return to her old imperious manner—

"You should not have seen them, child. It was very wrong."

"Why?"

Nora's clear sorrowful gray eyes widened a little with the word.

Mrs. Bruce coughed in an uncomfortable fashion.

"Well, there is no real reason, I suppose; but it is not the usual thing for a young bride-elect to receive every idle caller."

Cristine laughed irreverently to hear her mother expounding the laws of etiquette, and even Nora's face brightened with a momentary smile.

"That may be," she said, with the faintest touch of mockery in her tone; "but these were not idle callers, I assure you. From each I received a special message, and I could hardly deny myself to Lord de Gretton's kinswoman or to your son."

"Then you saw Lady Olivia Blake?" Miss Singleton asked, drawing her chair a little nearer in the eagerness of her curiosity, and fixing her shining light eyes on Nora's face, as though she would read there the object and result of the interview.

But Mrs. Bruce's interest had taken an abrupt turn in another direction.

Hard and selfish as she was, she had a mother's heart for her children, and its warmest corner was reserved for her handsome unsatisfactory son.

When she thought of him, even Lord de Gretton and the grand marriage on which her soul was set seemed things of small account.

"Has Vance been here?" she cried, in tones of quick vexation.

"How tiresome that I should just miss the dear boy! I did not know he was in town."

"Never mind Vance now, mother," Cristine said, with an impatient frown. "I want to hear about Lady Olivia."

"And never mind Lady Olivia now, Nora; I want to hear about my dear boy."

Mrs. Bruce spoke with unusual firmness and decision, uninfluenced for once by her daughter's petulant displeasure.

Nora looked from one speaker to the other, and shrugged her shoulders very slightly.

"Which shall I obey when you give such contradictory orders?"

"Me," said her stepmother promptly.

"Cristine is only curious; I am really troubled about my boy. Where is he staying, Nora, and when shall we see him—to-night?"

Miss Bruce hesitated oddly over her answer; and Cristine, who heard the report of her brother's proceedings with ostentatious indifference and inattention, but studied her step-sister closely all the while, fancied that the pale face flushed a little when at last she spoke.

"No; he will not be in London for some time.

"He wished me to bid you all good-bye, and say that he would not be with you again until after Christmas."

"Nora!"

There was so much agitated incredulity and sincere distress in the mother's tone that Nora's soft heart was touched; even Cristine condescended to show something like interest in the matter at last.

"After Christmas!" she cried, with a supercilious lifting of light brows.

"How absurd!

"Of course he means to be present at the wedding?"

"He does not," Nora answered quietly, not raising her eyes from the diamond ring that glittered on her slender fingers and always seemed to attract her gaze by a species of fascination.

"That was why he came now to bid me good-bye."

"And borrow money, I suppose!" Cristine cried angrily.

Her opinion of her brother was not specially high, as she had always bitterly resented his avowed preference for his step-sister.

Mrs. Bruce gave a bitter little cry, and raised her handkerchief to her eyes.

Cristine's suggestion seemed only too probable.

The hardness of it hurt and shamed her.

In a half-hearted fashion she began to apologize and explain.

Nora, with something like indignation, checked her.

"Nothing of the sort!" she cried quickly, her lovely eyes aglow and passion lending to her pale face some of its old rich color.

"For shame, Cristine, to speak so of your brother!

"You ought to know him better."

"I speak so precisely because I do know him," Cristine retorted, with an obstinate look.

"Confess now that he is in something he dared not say to us.

"Ah, I thought so!"—with a cruelly exultant laugh.

"Vance has long ceased to be an idol and a delusion to me."

"You have but one idol, Cristine," Nora answered, with unusual bitterness; but she did not deny Miss Singleton's suggestion.

Mrs. Bruce, who had been watching her almost affectionately, read in that silence a confirmation of her worst fears.

"Another scrape," she said wretchedly—"another quarrel with your father—more debts to pay!

"Oh, Vance, Vance, you will break my heart some day!"

Nora had small reason to love her stepmother or pity her self-wrought woes. She knew better than any one how far the weak mother-love, the injudicious petting he received, had gone to ruin all that was good, and manly in Vance Singleton's nature, how long the handsome high-spirited boy had been encouraged in a ruinous idleness and a rebellious spirit that set all discipline at naught, how far he owed it to his mother that at seven-and-twenty he was a scapegrace, a spendthrift, without a profession, and friendless, with his way to make in the world.

All this Nora remembered then, not bitterly, but with an intense pity for the woman who, she thought, must find such sorry comfort in her afflictions.

She did not know that to characters of Mrs. Bruce's type all things must come from without, inasmuch as remorse never assails them.

They can imagine a world in arms has wrought them woe, never in any circumstances that they themselves have done wrong.

But Nora knew nothing of this; she saw the florid face grow pale and the hard eyes dim; and, acting on a sudden impulse, she knelt by her step-mother's side and essayed to comfort her.

"You are quite wrong, Mrs. Bruce" she said brightly and coaxingly.

"Vance is in no scrape—he is in excellent spirits; and he did not come to borrow money, as Cristine unkindly suggests, but to bring me a present.

"Look!"

And, with a pretty triumph in the pleasure she gave, she opened a tiny case and showed a ring set with four milk-white pearls.

"Did Vance give you that?" Cristine broke in incredulously; while Mrs. Bruce looked at it almost with awe.

An inconsiderable item indeed in the gorgeous list of the future Lady de Gretton's wedding presents, from penniless Vance it was a rare and costly gift.

"He did indeed!" Nora cried proudly; and her gray eyes brightened through quick grateful tears.

"Now, Mrs. Bruce, you are not to fret for Vance, not to doubt him or inquire the reason of his absence yet, but wait in patience until he can explain all. That, with a kiss was his message to you, and there our interview ended."

Mrs. Bruce looked doubtful still; but the darker shadows had vanished from her face as she handed back the ring and returned Nora's kiss.

"I wish I had seen him, poor boy. However, I dare say it is all for the best."

"Of course it is mother!" Cristine said snappishly.

"Even if he is off on a wild-goose chase, the governor will be pleased that he should try something, and, as Lord de Gretton so decidedly disapproves of him, he is just as well out of the way."

All the new look of life and brightness, all the interest kindled by her step-brother's visit and the impulse to defend him died out of Nora's face, and the old dull look of resignation came back. True, she raised her dark head proudly, and said, in clear incisive tones—

"Lord de Gretton has never presumed to speak slightingly of Vance in my presence."

But the little effort made, she sank back wearily in her place, and the gray eyes regained their old look of far-off patient pain.

Cristine however soon broke in upon her reverie.

"Well," she cried sharply, "Vance has had enough attention now, I hope! Perhaps I may have my question answered at last?"

Nora looked round dreamily.

"Your question!

"What was it Cristine?"

"A comprehensive one, my dear," Cristine laughed—"I want to hear all about Lady Olivia's visit!

Nora roused herself wearily at the words.

She hated talking more than was absolutely necessary; her thoughts were always more or less confused and rambling now, and she collected them only with pain and difficulty.

To speak of Vance indeed had been no effort; but Vance, with all his faults, was dear to her; moreover, he was a part of the old life that was slipping so surely from her.

She would talk of him as long as they wished; but what could she say of Lady Olivia's visit but that she shrank from the subject with a vague unreasonably dislike.

"Was her ladyship very overpowering? Did she try to patronise you, child?" Mrs. Bruce asked, thinking she had hit upon a probable reason for the girl's look of extreme distaste.

"Oh, dear, no!" Nora said, with indignant sincerity.

"She was—nice, I think, but a little strange in manner, as though she were intensely curious and yet thinking of something else all the time."

"A very uncomfortable manner," Cristine remarked, with a laugh. "Do you think her so handsome, Nora?"

This time Nora's answer came without hesitation of any kind.

"Most beautiful, in a grand imperial fashion that half frightens you.

"Her eyes are"—the girl's own eyes darkened and dilated, as though they gazed upon some terrifying object still—"I do not know how to describe them—so dark and so bright, with a sort of jewel-like glitter that dazzles and thrills you."

"My dear Nora!" Mrs. Bruce cried, in astonishment; while Cristine said, with a queer smile—

"Well, if you do not care to discuss your visitor, it is not that she failed to impress you.

"Did you ever make such a study of a pair of eyes before?"

Nora only shook her head, and Mrs. Bruce said blandly—

"We have always heard that Spanish eyes are something out of the common way; and, you know, Lady Olivia is half a Spaniard."

"Is she?" Nora asked, lifting her head with freshened interest, and trying to recall something she had lately heard about her oddly impressive guest.

"Oh, yes!

"Do you remember Lord de Gretton told us that his uncle married, when quite an old man, a very beautiful Spanish lady, who died at Lady Olivia's birth?"

"Yes," Nora said slowly, resting her chin within her hollowed palm, and striving to collect her scattered thoughts.

They were drifting dangerously near the truth now.

A little more enlightenment would have saved her even then.

But her brain was dazed and weary, a mist seemed to hang over and clog her thoughts, and there was none to help and guide her to the light.

"I think I remember that—and something more," she added slowly; and the large eyes turned in sorrowful appeal from one face to the other.

"Was she not at one time engaged to—her cousin?"

Mrs. Bruce and her daughter exchanged glances of quick dismay.

Was it possible that the prize by which both had learned to set such store might still slip through their fingers?

Cristine was first to speak.

"Oh, that old story!" she cried, with a contemptuous laugh.

"If you dig up such antediluvian anecdotes as that, you must be jealous indeed, Nora."

Nora did not answer.

Her lips twitched nervously at what seemed to her the cruellest of jests; but her large lovely eyes still turned to Mrs. Bruce in dumb appeal.

"You talk great nonsense, Cristine!" that lady cried severely, glad to find vent for the agitation of her nerves in a well-deserved rebuke to her daughter.

"Nora is a sensible girl—not likely to indulge in retrospective jealousy or make herself wretched over shadows. She knows that Lord de Gretton's past belongs to himself, his future to her only."

"I am not jealous," Nora said; and her voice rang out with a sudden sharpness of bitter scorn and fierce disgust.

What cruel hypocrites they were, she thought, talking of jealousy to her, when they knew that the one love of her life lay dead in Arthur Beaupre's grave, that a cold duty and a lifeless, loveless obedience were all she had promised Lord de Gretton!

"I am not jealous, and you know it. I had another reason for asking about Lady Olivia Blake."

"Of course, my dear—a natural curiosity," said Mrs. Bruce soothingly.

"Fortunately I can tell you the whole story at once.

"She was engaged to her cousin, Lord de Gretton, when she was a young thing—

eighteen or so—and he—well, a good bit younger than he is now—not that I think a husband a bit the better for being this side of the fifties," Mrs. Bruce added, in a prudent parenthesis, as she stole a sharp side-glance at the eagerly listening girl.

"Well, it was a family arrangement—no love lost on either side, I fancy; and, as often happens in such cases, it fell through just before the day fixed for the wedding. My Lady Olivia took French leave of her disconsolate bridegroom and her father's home, and eloped with Captain Francis Blake, a dashing young Irish Hussar, who had made fierce love to her all through the season."

A long sigh that was like the very voice of disappointment and despair broke from Nora's white lips as she turned her face from her step-mother's sharp gaze. What she had expected to hear she hardly knew; a vague wild hope of possible freedom had sprung to life and died within the hour—that was all.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The First of May.

BY JULIUS THATCHER.

OH, dear, dear!

"I do wonder what in the world I shall do!"

And little Mrs. Cunningham sat disconsolately down on the one unoccupied chair in the family sitting-room, and looked almost despairingly at the chaos around her.

It was that most doletully unendurable period of the year, moving day, and the big truck stood at the front door, and three shouting, swearing professionals were carrying the furniture from the upper stories.

A low, murky sky hung mistly overhead threatening every minute to discharge the rain with which it seemed surplused.

A raw, unspringlike wind was blowing from the east.

There was but one fire in the house, and that in the kitchen range.

The oldest boy, Fred, was in a state of rebellious excitement because he couldn't stay home and help, and refused to find his "'rithmatic and jogafy" among the pile of books on the bare floor.

Lillie, Mrs. Cunningham's twelve-year-old daughter, was not in the most angelic humor at having to keep baby May down in the only warm room in the house, from the windows of which it was impossible to see the loading of the dray.

While little three-year-old Lulu was whimpering at her mother's skirts because —"my footies awful to'd, mamma."

Poor little Mrs. Cunningham had been tired when she went to bed the night before, and May had been unusually fretful during the night, so that when the mother arose long before dawn on the morning of moving day, it was with nerves all astrain, and muscles tired, and spirits depressed, to carry her through the trying day.

While, to cap the climax, Bridget, her only maid-of-all-work, a willing, able girl, on whom she had depended so strongly, was sent for, before breakfast, in hot haste, to immediately come home, for her mother had been taken, and was perhaps dying with a congestive chill.

And at that juncture, Mrs. Cunningham's courage suddenly collapsed, and she actually sank down in a chair, trembling with nervousness and weakness and dismay.

Just as Mr. Cunningham came up from the kitchen, where, under the circumstances of the occasion, breakfast had been served—a good-looking, carefully-dressed gentleman, with the air of importance and magnificence about him he usually assumed.

"Oh, Howard!

"Whatever shall I do?

"Bridget's sister has just been here, and old Mrs. McAnahan can't be left alone—what will I do?

"I never, never can do all there is to be done in this house and the other one today."

Mr. Cunningham put on his spring overcoat deliberately, stopping to flick a mite of dust off the olive velvet collar.

"It's really too bad, my dear—but tell me about it some other time.

"I am in a particular hurry this morning—we're at least three-quarters of an hour late."

Mrs. Cunningham's heart sank.

"But, Howard, surely you won't go to your business and leave me in such a predicament?

"At least stay and superintend the men, and help me pack the china."

Mr. Cunningham buttoned up his coat directly, and put on his gloves—and glanced around at the dismantled, uncomfortable rooms.

"You should know better than to think of such an absurdity, Fanny.

"You don't suppose business can be neglected simply because it happens to be moving day, do you?

"I can send the office boy up, after he brings the mail, and if he can be of any use, all right—Lulu, hush that whining!

"And I'll take lunch up in the town—that'll save you somewhat."

Mrs. Cunningham's eyes clouded with tears—poor, unappreciated little woman that she was, who never in all her married life had found her husband the tower of strength, the just, true friend in an emergency that a husband ought to be.

"Just this once, dear!

"There is so much to do, to be seen to, and the children to look after—there, darling, hush-sh! mamma'll warm the poor little cold footies—and, Howard, I am so tired.

"Baby nursed all night nearly, and she has taken all my vitality."

A little look of scornful impatience corrugated the gentleman's forehead as he lighted a cigar.

"I advised you to put a stop to the lady's nursing at night several weeks ago.

"But, if you don't see fit to be advised, you'll have to bear with the consequence.

"As to my staying an hour, or a half-hour, it is simply a question too absurd to discuss.

"Business can't wait for anything—a fact that women seem unable to comprehend. Do the best you can.

"I'll see you at dinner in the new house.

"By-by."

And the lord of creation walked out of the door and caught a car and went to the office, while Mrs. Cunningham took little Lulu up in her arms and carried her into the warm kitchen and sat down and cried from sheer discouragement and—the peculiar heartache that only a wife knows who has a husband like Howard Cunningham, selfish, unappreciative, unsympathetic, uncompassionate.

Then she gently assisted rebellious Fred off to school, promising him something wonderfully good from the baker's, after school hours.

And reasoned with Lillie until the child's judgment and affection and womanliness all came to the rescue; gave baby May a loving little coddling and tied her in her high chair with a saucer of bread-crumbs for amusement; tunted up an extra dish-towel, and set little Lulu wiping the dishes Lillie washed; and then—

Took her own weary self wherever she was most required.

For she was a brave, patient little woman whose religion permeated all the trivial duties of everyday life.

She would have been so sweetly happy had only her husband been what a man should be.

She was thinking of it, an hour later, as she rocked the baby to sleep, while Lillie and Lulu, in sacques and hoods, were watching the men load—just as somebody rapped on the front basement door, following the warning by her entrance.

"Not an orthodox time to go calling, Fannie, I know, but Bridget stopped and told me the predicament you were in, and I've come to see if I can be of any service. I don't see why Howard didn't send us word."

It was Mrs. Cunningham's sister-in-law, a bright, cheery, independent, loving girl, about as much like her brother as day is like night.

"Oh, Alice, I am so glad you've come! Bridget had really to go, and there's nobody to lift a hand but me.

"Sit down, dear, I'll soon have you busy enough."

Alice tossed her hat and shawl on the dismantled buffet, and seated herself a moment near the cheery fire.

"But why in the world didn't my brother stay and help you?

"You don't mean to tell me he has gone to his office and left you in this lurch?"

Alice's black eyes flashed as she looked at Fannie's weary face, at the infant in her arms, at the dozen and one things all around that were a man's work to do.

Mrs. Cunningham softly smoothed the little silken head lying against her.

"He is very busy, Alice—he really could not lose any time just at this time of the year.

"And Wednesday is always his most hurried day, too."

Poor little faithful soul—loyal to the heart's core.

Alice retorted emphatically:

"Now, Fannie, that's all gammon!

"Do you really for one minute believe Howard's business is so pressing that he cannot stay here and attend to his duty?

"Have you been married twelve—thirteen—yes, nearly fourteen years, and not yet found out that that brother of mine is a selfish, lazy fellow whenever there's anything required of him that isn't rose-colored in all its bearings?"

Mrs. Cunningham began a little wifely protest, but Alice cut it short.

"Don't tell me, Fannie—I know him like a book!

"When he was home, if mother wanted a picture hung, and asked for him, and somebody else brought the hammer and nail, and another one of us tied the cord, then mother would hold the picture—and Howard would manage to drive the nail and put the cord over, and leave the hammer and nail-box to be put away at other people's leisure.

"Oh, I know Howard like a book!

"And, Fannie—you dear, good little woman, you've been humoring him so all these years, because you love him so well, that he's regularly spoilt.

"And he wants a little wholesome discipline from you.

"And I came over on purpose to have it administered."

Mrs. Cunningham had listened to Alice's energetic remarks, realizing how accurately they tallied with her experimental knowledge of him.

But her sister-in-law's concluding sentence made her open her eyes bewilderedly.

"Why, what do you mean, Alice, dear?"

Alice laughed, and gently took the sleeping baby from its mother's arms, and cuddled it away in its soft, warm nest.

"Simply this, sister-in-law mine.

"I say Howard's excuse of pressing, urgent business is not only unkind, and—yes, cruel and selfish, but—not in strict accordance with—well, to put it mildly—facts. And I intend that you shall know for yourself.

"Go get Bridget's shawl and bonnet, and apron, and here's my old veil—put them on, and go begging at your husband's office."

"Oh, Alice!"

And Mrs. Cunningham looked so appalled that Alice had to laugh.

"You are afraid it will be high treason, I see!

"No, Fannie, seriously, I want you to go—that is, if you would like to have Howard hereafter assist you in affairs that belong to a man's especial province, and not to a woman's.

"He knows he can do as he pleases with you, and as long as he can, he will, for that's a man's nature.

"But once let him know you fully understand him, and propose not to submit any longer—why, you'll both be better off in the future.

"You can spare just one hour to the experiment."

"And you would, if you were me—really?"

"Really.

"And I'll shoulder the responsibility, and—take the credit, for that is but natural to us Cunninghams."

So, little Mrs. Cunningham donned the alarmingly shabby shawl that hung on the kitchen door, and the marvellously battered straw hat, and tied the green veil over it, and thrust her hands in a pair of Fred's cast-off gloves, and—took a car for Mr. Cunningham's office, into which she boldly entered to find——

An altogether different looking place from the dull, cheerless, chaotic home she had left, and that Mr. Cunningham had been so prompt to leave several hours before; to find a quiet, warm, cheerful room, with the canary chirping in one window, and the coals dropping softly from the glowing grate, and—Mr. Howard Cunningham's tall handsome self stretched in luxurious ease on the lounge, while he lazily read the morning papers.

He looked up as the shabby woman came into the room.

"Haven't anything to-day! Johnnie!" calling to the office-boy she had caught a glimpse of in the front office—"run into Debaure's and bring my lunch in, will you? And be quick, I've promised to be up to Goupil's with Courtney at two o'clock; it's nearly one now."

And as the boy tumbled out of the door, Mrs. Cunningham quietly laid aside Bridget's shawl and hat, and seated herself patiently.

"I'll stay and have lunch, too, I think, for there's nothing at home," she said, pleasantly, as he sprung up from the lounge in astonishment.

"Fannie Cunningham!"

"Yes, I did look funny in those things, didn't I?

"But the house is in such doleful confusion, and I couldn't pretend to look after everything and you didn't seem to be at all anxious how things went, so I thought I'd run down and see how dreadfully busy you were."

His face colored slowly.

He was completely caught in his trap; there was no possible way of beating a retreat.

"It's so much pleasanter here than home," she went on sweetly, "and I really don't wonder you prefer to be here.

"I prefer it myself, Howard, and I'll just stay and have a nice, quiet, cosy time with you, and let things get along the best they can.

"Or I'd enjoy going to Goupil's with you and Mr. Courtney ever so much.

"Alice is with the children."

Then the lunch came in, and yet Mr. Cunningham had not said a blessed word. Then he ordered Johnnie to go up to the house and wait till he came.

"I think I'll postpone Goupil's," he said at length.

"Perhaps I'd better go up home and see how things are going."

"I really think you had better.

"Everything will be loaded by the time we get there, and you might see that they are properly disposed of in the other house.

"Alice and I can manage very well at one end."

And, all of a sudden, he looked in her eyes, where suspicions of tears lurked.

"Fannie!

"You poor, tired little woman! Tell me I am a brute, a beast, a heartless——"

"But you aren't! You are my own darling—only a little thoughtless, and careless, and indifferent."

"And selfish, and cruel, and—stupidly wrong; yes, that's the word for it. But, by Jove, I never saw it so clearly before.

"Little wife, suppose we begin over again? Eh?"

And Alice held her tongue when Howard and Fannie marched in, both indifferent to the odd attire the victress wore.

And—Howard Cunningham was cured of his habit; and Fannie was not sorry she took Alice's advice; and every one in the family rejoiced at the "new life" begun in the "new house."

READING AND WORKING.—In every tobacco-factory at Key West there is a 'reader.' Cubans cannot talk without gesticulation, and, in order to keep them from talking, a person is hired to read aloud during working hours.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE BLARNEY STONE.—The "Blarney Stone" is set in the tower of Blarney Castle Ireland, and contains an inscription giving the name of the builder and date. It is about twenty feet from the top of the tower, and very difficult to reach. It was an old and popular tradition that whoever kissed the blarney stone—a difficult and dangerous feat—would be gifted with such powers of persuasion that no one could resist the charm of his tongue.

THE WORLD'S END.—Devout Moslems confidently predict the end of the world on November 8, the close of the Mohammedan thirteenth century. Tradition declares that in the present month, during the Ramadan fast, the sun shall rise in the West, the day of mercy and forgiveness shall cease, and that of judgment and retribution begin. Thus, a proclamation has been issued from Mecca warning all true believers to prepare for the coming day.

TURTLE AND STORK.—A favorite gift in Japan is a bronze stork standing upon a turtle. Both are long lived animals—the latter is fabled to attain a thousand years of happy existence, when its tail spreads out like a fan and it begins to show signs of its venerableness. Such a gift expresses in a delicate and suggestive way the wish that the recipient of the present may be blessed with a long and prosperous life. Nor is this all. It is a symbol of the Japanese faith that length of days is a Divine benediction, a source of serene joy, and an occasion for grateful salutations.

A LIVE TAIL.—Oddest of all defensive methods is that of snapping off the tail. The blind-worm, or slow-worm, is a little snake-like lizard common in the old world. When alarmed it contracts its muscles in such manner and degree as to break its tail off at a considerable distance from the end. But how can this aid it? The detached tail then dances about very lively, holding the attention of the offender, while the lizard himself slinks away. And for a considerable time the tail retains its capability of twisting and jumping every time it is struck. The lizard will then grow another tail, so as to be prepared for another adventure. There are other lizards which have a similar power, though in less degree.

THE SPANISH JACK.—The great white Spanish jackass is, in degree, as precious as a barb of the purest blood. Negotiations almost diplomatic in their complexity have to be gone through before such a king-donkey can be obtained. An Englishman, it is said, who thought that he had completed the purchase of such a jackass, was told by the proprietor of the arrogant animal that yet another formality had to be gone through with before Don Moke could be shipped to England—his would-be owner had not made provision for the board and lodging, with six months' salary in advance of the jackass' compadre, whose special function it was to play the guitar to him when he was sad.

JAPANESE CHECKERS.—The Japanese have a more elaborate game of checkers than ours. The pieces are placed on intersections instead of on squares. It frequently takes a month to play one game, and the players often deliberate over a move for an hour or two. Japanese chess is probably the most intricate game in the world. The board has eighty-one squares, and twenty pieces are used, which have moves somewhat like our own, though none are exactly similar. These pieces change in grade when they arrive at a certain position on the board. The strangest feature of the game is that either player can take any piece that has been captured from him, replace it on the board and use it against his adversary. This makes the game utterly bewildering to a foreigner.

A HINT FROM HAIR.—A girl combing her hair led to the discovery of a combing machine for long staple cotton. Joshua Herman was a cotton manufacturer at Mulhouse, in Alsace, and for a number of years he studied to invent a machine for carding long staple cotton. He spent a great deal of money in models and making experiments and at last was one day watching his daughters comb their hair, and noticed how they drew the long tresses through their fingers alternately without drawing the comb through them. Why could he not invent a machine which combined this two-fold action, so as to comb out the long fibers of cotton and drive back the shorter by reversing the action of the comb? This new idea he at once set to work upon, and soon was enabled to comb cheap cotton into moderately fine yarn more easily and economically than had heretofore been done.

THE CHINESE PEASANT.—A writer in the London *Times* gives this as an example of the condition of the Chinese peasant: "A family consisting of eight persons owns an acre and a half of land. The land was bought by the grandfather of the present head and has never been subdivided since nor added to. He grows about seventy bushels of rice and thirty-five of wheat and some vegetables and cotton besides, worth altogether in money about $50. He has two nephews who work outside and bring home something to help, and in that way they get along, but they are very poor. He and all his neighbors wear native blue cloth, spun and woven in the family by the women from cotton grown by themselves. He never wore foreign cotton. The coat he had on (a well-worn affair,) had been made two years previously, and it would last two years more. It served him at night as a coverlet, as well as a coat by day.

ITS MEANING.

BY J. A.

My little Mamie is shy and proud,
  But, oh! to her heart she loves me true!
And often I think in the busy crowd
  Of her sweet, grave smile, and eyes of blue,
And often I wish that the day were o'er,
  Only that I may see her again,
In her little white dress at the open door,
  Watching for papa to leave the train.

One night, with her red lips close to mine,
  I said—"My darling, my little pet!
Now that the days are warm and fine,
  Your-away papa do you forget?
Do you love me, Mamie, when we're apart?"
  She lifted her eyes so frank and clear,
"My papa, I love you with all my heart,
  And that's why I kiss you, papa, dear!"

One fell on my lips, so cool and soft,
  It seemed like a holy thing to me.
Next day, in the city, I thought of it oft—
  (Fathers well know that such things may be)—
In the hurry and care it made me strong,
  In the busy strain it kept me calm;
Stayed many a word of anger and wrong,
  And lay on my soul like a little psalm.

Many true kisses come into our life—
  The kiss of a helpful and loving wife;
The comforting kiss a mother gave;
But kisses have never a sweeter art
  Than little Mamie's, whispering clear
"I love you, I love you with all my heart,
  "And that's why I kiss you, papa dear!"

TWICE MARRIED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

WINIFRED! Winifred!

"Where are you?

"I have news for you at last—such news!—and I am actually out of breath with running after you.

"You must wait a bit, as a punishment, before I open my budget."

The speaker was a young girl dressed in a riding habit, the weight of which must have decidedly added to the exhaustion of which she complained, though it was looped up jauntily enough, and thrown over one arm so as to display the prettiest, most fairy-like foot and ankle that ever pressed heather or trod the chalked floor of a ball-room.

This said habit, though decidedly unfavorable to the lightness and speed of the wearer's usual movements, was, as a compensation, most becoming to her style of beauty.

Her light, graceful figure was defined in its perfect proportions by the close-fitting dress, the color of which—a rich blue, with riding hat to match—gave additional brilliancy to her transparent complexion, and the large, full blue eyes which absolutely danced with vivacity and eager excitement.

Lucy Lloyd was certainly very lovely, and, what was far more to the purpose, very captivating in her girlish simplicity and untutored grace.

The "Winifred" thus addressed was a very different being from her guest.

She might have sat for a picture of the Madonna, with her perfect oval face, her colorless pure skin, her brown hair, and large grey eyes with long drooping brown lashes.

The half pensive expression of those grey eyes, and of the well-closed lips, increased the resemblance of our ideal of the "blessed" yet sorrowing virgin.

She was sitting on a large rudely cut seat, beneath a magnificent elm tree, and had Lucy been less engrossed with her tidings she might have seen the traces of recent tears on the creamy skin and round the large eyes, and the corner of a crumpled letter peeping from the closed hand.

"Sit down, dear Lucy, and take breath," she said, in a soft musical voice, which accorded exactly with her style of beauty (as voices always should, but so seldom do); "you must not speak till you have composed yourself, and I shall go away, that you may not be able to disobey my orders."

Ah! Winny, Winny! simple and saint-like as you look, was not that little movement a ruse to conceal the last trace of the fit of weeping, and to enable you to effectually conceal the half-crushed letter?

"A sort of moral 'permissive' discipline, to put temptation out of my way," laughed Lucy.

"Are you afraid of my getting a heart complaint, Winifred?"

A strange look of pain came over the girl's face, but she replied, quietly, "Less things have done as much mischief as you just mount, Lucy.

"It is dangerous work to play with sharp weapons."

"Degenerate descendant of the ancient Briton! when did mountain lasses like you or me fear danger—mental, moral, or physical?" said Lucy, with gay solemnity.

"My heart is far too strong and healthy for a fascinating French chevalier to put it in any danger."

"Do not be too brave, too confident, Lucy, darling," said Winifred, sadly; "you cannot tell, you do not know."

Again the tears sprang into her soft eyes, and hung on the long lashes which were cast down to hide them.

Lucy was fairly puzzled by this uncalled-for agitation, so strange a result of her gay jest.

But she saw her friend was too deeply moved at that moment for any remark or question.

So she changed the subject, judiciously trusting to time for an explanation of the mystery, if there was indeed anything more serious than a mere passing caprice in the usually calm, gentle mind of fair Winifred Herbert.

"But Winny, pet," she said, "you have not asked what my news is.

"Have you no spice of womanly curiosity in your saint-like temperament?"

Winifred slightly shuddered, but something in Lucy's surprised look recalled her to herself.

"Perhaps I am like the children, Lucy," she replied, more gaily than was quite natural to her, "and would rather shut my eyes and see what I shall have given me.

"Now I am waiting most patiently till your little ladyship chooses to unburden yourself of your budget."

"What an insinuation!" exclaimed Lucy; "just as if I could not keep the secret to myself!

"I have a great mind to punish you by going away without telling you at all, but I was always of a most forgiving, long-suffering temper.

"Now then, guess.

"Who do you think is coming at last?"

The beautiful color rushed to the cream-like cheek of Winifred, making it look for the time like painted ivory.

"Evan—Mr. Lloyd—I suppose," she said, with a voice she tried hard to make steady.

"Mr. Lloyd!" repeated Lucy, with emphasis.

"Oh, you naughty child!

"What would he say if he heard you? Yes, Mr. Lloyd is coming.

"But that is not at all the great excitement I came to share with you.

"Evan is going to bring those foreign friends of his with him, who will turn all our rustic heads—the gay, handsome young Parisian count, and his equally handsome sister.

"What do you think of that?"

"And when are they coming?" asked Winifred, in the same forced voice.

"To-morrow," replied Lucy; "and we are all in a perfect fever of bustle and preparation.

"Our humble Grange will look very homely to Parisian eyes; and then ——"

Lucy paused for a moment.

There was a skeleton even in her gay young heart's inmost recess.

"You will come and see us, Winny darling, and help me to entertain this formidable Mademoiselle de St. Hilaire," resumed Lucy, as if to change the current of her ideas.

"Oh no, Lucy.

"I should be quite out of place," replied Winifred.

"Though you forget, I do not, that I am only a simple farmer's daughter, and not at all fit for mixing with your guests."

"Nonsense, Winny.

"As if you had not some of the most ancient blood in the county in your veins," said Lucy.

"And as to your father being a farmer, why, an old yeoman, tilling his own land, is styled a 'gentle' in any 'Herald's Office,' to say nothing of what my Winifred is in herself."

"You are very kind, darling Lucy," said Winifred, almost dejectedly.

"But the friends of Sir William Lloyd are not likely to feel as you do for the Farmer Herbert, of Llanover, and his family.

"And I am too proud to be condescended to as an inferior, even by your visitors, dear Lucy."

Lucy shook her head somewhat sadly; the gay smile had vanished from even her bright face.

"Ah, Winifred," she said, "what a mockery names and titles sometimes are!

"Sir William Lloyd is perhaps a poorer man than the 'Farmer Herbert,' you call your good father, and I am sure he is not so happy.

"Oh Winifred, I am sometimes very unhappy about dear papa."

"Why, Lucy?

"Is Sir William worse than usual?"

"I don't know," replied Lucy; "I can scarcely tell.

"He is very quiet and grave, and sometimes so nervous and strange, I do not know what to think.

"But my mother will never admit that it is anything but weakness from his illness last year, and says Evan's return will soon make him well and happy."

"He has never looked so well since that fire," observed Winifred, rather speaking to herself than her companion.

"Then you have seen it!" exclaimed Lucy.

"You think he is ill, Winifred."

"Not ill, Lucy," she replied, "only shaken, and rather sad and anxious-looking.

"It was a great shock for him, remember."

"Yes, and so soon after Evan was settled there, and everything so beautifully arranged, and the machinery complete," said Lucy.

"Poor papa!" she added, "it was enough to upset him.

"My mother is right.

"He wants time and cheerful society to bring him round to his old self.

"I am very glad these people are coming—are not you, Winifred?"

"Yes," replied the young girl, absently; but her thoughts were not in the present, and she scarcely knew to what she was replying.

There was a pause, and then Lucy rose, and once more gathering the folds of her habit around her, prepared to go.

"I must not stay any longer, Winifred," said she.

"There is no end of things to arrange at home, and poor Bennet looks in despair.

"And my mother, though she will not confess it, is, I am sure, in a wee bit of consternation at the prospect of a rich and fashionable French girl's invasion into our simple quiet home."

"But the Grange is so pretty, Lucy, and so beautifully arranged," said Winifred.

"To our taste, dear," replied Lucy; "and, so far as I am concerned, Mademoiselle de St. Hilaire is welcome to criticise and despise our simplicity if she likes; but then Evan would be so vexed."

"Does he think so highly of his new friends, then?" asked Winifred, almost sharply.

"I think so, from his letters, replied Lucy; "and of course, as they are people of consequence in their own country, he will like them to form a pleasant opinion of his home and family.

"Poor Evan! he is very proud; it is his greatest fault."

Winifred did not reply, and Lucy stooped down to kiss her, as she sat gazing on the carpet of jeweled green sward at her feet.

"Good-by, dear," she said; "I shall expect you in a day or two at the Grange, though I daresay you will see Evan as soon as he can get away after his arrival.

"He will be impatient to see his old playfellow."

"But you will go in-doors and see my mother; will you not, Lucy?" said Winifred.

"She will give you a glass of your favorite mead before you ride home this warm day."

"No, dear, I cannot stay," replied Lucy; "give my love to her, dear old lady, and tell her she need not expect to have you at home much for the next month."

In spite of the incumbering weight of her habit, Lucy was out of sight before Winifred had roused herself from the deep thought in which she had fallen.

Then she clasped her hands together, and looked piteously upwards, as if imploring help.

"How will it end?" she murmured.

"How do I deserve it should end?

"Oh! if my fears are needless and unfounded—if my doubts of him are unjust—I will humble myself in the dust for my unworthy distrust and cowardice.

"But conscience, conscience makes me indeed a coward, and I feel I ought not to expect I can be happy.

"And then this beautiful girl—rich and noble, and I daresay clever and brilliant—what can I appear in comparison with her?

"Oh Winifred! poor, Winifred! thou art indeed punished."

She sank down again on the seat from which she had risen, and covered her face with her hands for some minutes.

Then she raised it again, and this time there was a calmer, prouder look in her face, if pride could indeed be expressed in those gentle, Madonna-like features.

And then she drew forth the crumpled letter she had thrust hurriedly in her dress when Lucy had so suddenly come upon her and once more perused its lines.

"I am wrong, weak, unworthy of him," she said, "even to suspect him of such a base wrong, such light, inconstant changeableness.

"As if he could not admire another without my being suspicious and jealous!

"Oh Winifred, Winifred!" she murmured, "it is the consciousness of your own error that makes you so unjust to one you profess to love and trust."

She folded up the letter, and then, with a strange, wan look of pain on her young face, which told of contending struggles within, she took her way back to the comfortable homestead where her mother was anxiously busied in the cares of her household.

Poor girl! a few months since, and Winifred Herbert had been gaily flitting about the old quaint rooms like a beam of sunshine, though with a quiet grace peculiarly her own.

CHAPTER II.

WE will now introduce the families already brought on the tapis, and take up the thread of their history from a date some two or three years before the visit of the stranger guests, whose expected arrival had brought such excitement into the usually quiet households of the Grange and Llanover Farm.

Mrs. Herbert, the mother of the gentle Winifred, was a simple-minded woman, more versed in domestic than any other lore, and perhaps too absorbed in the mysteries of dairy, and poultry-yard, and kitchen garden, to bestow as much study as would have been wise on the secret workings of her only child's heart.

And yet she was an affectionate, even fond mother, and faithful wife, so far as her knowledge of her duties went.

In a "business" point of view, if we may use the term, Mr. Herbert could not have chosen a better helpmate than Bessie King, only daughter of the well-to-do Monmouthshire farmer.

But Mrs. Herbert had been brought up in the old-fashioned farmhouse style, and not being endowed with any great amount of intellect, or that sound judgment and good sense which are perhaps yet more useful, she was scarcely a companion for the shrewd, judicious Farmer Herbert, who, as Miss Lloyd had hinted, was descended from an ancient yeoman family.

And though neither in reality nor in pretension one whit above his lawful station and calling, he was yet a man whom his superiors might have willingly called "friend," and profited by his strict principle and honor, his sound judgment, and benevolent heart.

Nor was he deficient in intellect, which had been more cultivated by reading and reflection than many of higher rank could boast, though his early education had been brief and plain.

Such was Llewellyn Herbert, the owner of Llanover Farm, and the father of Winifred Herbert.

Among those who appreciated his honest unpretending worth, most thoroughly, was Sir William Lloyd, the father of Lucy.

In truth, the apparent disparity in the position of the baronet and the farmer was in some respects greater than the real difference between them.

Sir William had little besides old blood, and a title dating from Elizabeth, to raise him above the level of his neighbor.

A long succession of adverse circumstances and imprudence, which sometimes was the cause and sometimes the result of the misfortunes of the family, had reduced the estates of a once wealthy race to a small property, which produced a bare five hundred per annum.

Of course, this modest income in Wales was far more available for the maintenance of comfort, and even elegance, in the reduced establishment of the Lloyds, than it would have been in a more populous and luxurious district.

Still it needed every care and economy on the part of Sir William and Lady Lloyd to preserve any kind of suitable appearance, and meet the necessary expenses of educating their two children, Evan and Lucy.

Evan had been sent to Winchester, where he had gratified his father's fondest hopes by gaining a scholarship, and from thence he was sent to Oxford, with a view to his entering the Church.

But he so positively refused him consent to this scheme, that Sir William at last, though reluctantly, gave way.

The sole interest remaining to him, on which he could depend for his son's advancement in life, was the sacred profession.

It was on the return of Evan Lloyd from his last term but one at Oxford, soon after the completion of his twenty-second year, that the final contest on this point between the father and son took place.

"I should like to see you for an hour in the study this morning, Evan," said Sir William, as they rose from the breakfast table the day after the young man's return.

"I shall be very happy to wait on you there, sir," was the rather sarcastic reply; "but I am afraid I must ask you to defer it till the afternoon, as I have an engagement this morning."

"I am sorry, Evan, but I must request you, in my turn, to defer the engagement," said his father.

"I have also matters of importance that require to be settled instantly."

The young man hesitated; but Sir William's look and tone were not to be trifled with.

And while he yet stood, uncertain whether to assert his independence and decline to alter his arrangements, the baronet left the room, as if the thing needed no further discussion.

An angry frown rose to the young man's brow, and the lips half formed an exclamation more energetic and passionate than dutiful and decorous, when the white hand of his sister Lucy was laid on his arm.

"We can go after luncheon just as well, Evan," said Lucy.

"Winifred will perhaps be more at liberty than in the early morning.

"At any rate, you can go, for perhaps mamma will want me to go to Abergelole with her this afternoon."

Something in this soothing arrangement of his sister's seemed to mollify his offended pride or suit his inclination, and he muttered a half-gracious, "Well, well, Lu; I suppose the governor must be humored just at first; but——"

Lucy lost the rest of the sentence by the closing of the door behind her brother. Perhaps it was as well for her comfort that she did so.

Sir William was sitting in the small and simply-fitted up room which was appropriated to his sole use.

It bore the traces of wealthier if not happier days, in the rare old books, and two or three valuable cabinet pictures, which were its sole ornaments.

But the furniture was plain, and the whole apartment seemed rather the room of a man of business than of a long-descended baronet.

The owner thereof was seated in a large crimson leather chair before a table, on which lay some books, one or two pamphlets, and writing materials, and immediately under his eyes were placed some open letters.

"Sit down, Evan," said his father; "I hope I shall not need to detain you long, but these letters must be answered to-day, and I want your consent before doing so."

Evan placed himself as comfortably as he could on a chair nearly opposite to his

father, but with his face nearly shaded from observation by the amber curtains of the oriel window, in which it stood.

"I don't suppose it will take long, sir," said the young man; "I seldom need very much deliberation to know my own mind."

"So much the worse, perhaps," observed Sir William, gravely; "however, the subject is not new to you.

"I trust, though, that your views respecting it are altered.

"There are two letters, Evan.

"One is from my old friend the dean, you should go into the Church; and, in his position, that is tantamount to saying your future advancement is almost certain."

"I am afraid not, sir," said Evan, "for the simple reason that I will never go into the Church.

"It is completely repugnant to my feelings; and I tell you again that I will never consent to it."

"Wait a little before you are so decided, Evan," returned the baronet.

"It is right you should know my circumstances and your prospects before you readily reject such an offer.

"The sole property left to us, as you are aware, is this small estate, which—mark me, Evan—is not entailed beyond my life; the deed expires with me.

"My intention is to leave your sister a rent-charge of one hundred per annum on the estate; but all the small personal property I inherited from my mother, and which, thanks to your mother's care and self-denial, has been rather increased than diminished, I shall bequeath to you. But with your tastes and habits, and your rightful station in society, I can hardly think it possible for you to make this slender income more than an adjunct to your own earnings by some profession, even after my death; and certainly, during my own and your dear mother's life, you must depend on yourself."

Evan's brow grew cloudy, but his resolution did not waver.

"Not a very flattering prospect, sir," said he; "but it does not alter my views as to the Church."

"Take time, Evan, take time," said his father, "and hear the alternative which awaits you.

"I have no interest whatever in any other profession.

"My life has been too secluded for the last twenty years, and my circumstances too narrow to admit of my keeping up what few friends I had in my youth; and therefore the bar and the army are entirely closed to you from want of friends or interest to get you into either profession."

Evan nodded carelessly, but his teeth were firmly set as he lounged apparently at his ease in that beautiful window, and the oriel reflection of the crimson glass cast a strange light on his large deep brown eyes, with their changeful expression.

"There is only one other path open to you, Evan," continued the baronet; "and I must warn you, in plain terms, that your choice must lie between the two, though I can hardly suppose you will feel more inclined to the alternative I have to propose."

"I can hardly be less so," muttered the young man.

"You know the Flax Mill," said his father, "down in the valley by the side of the——"

"Of course, sir," interrupted Evan.

"Lewis, the late proprietor, is dead, leaving no son to take the business," continued Sir William.

"The executors, finding a difficulty in getting any one to purchase the mill, are willing to take moderate terms.

"I have inquired about it; and by this letter which I received yesterday, it appears to me that I can manage to purchase it, do what is necessary to renovate the machinery, and give you a small amount to work with, should you feel inclined to adopt a business instead of a profession at your time of life.

"But, hear me out," he said, as his son was about to interrupt him.

"To do this will take all the available money in every security of which I am possessed; and you must count on nothing more from me from that time, save this estate after my death.

"Such is the alternative you have to consider, Evan.

"Bear in mind it is no light thing you have to decide, but the prosperity and the occupation of your whole future life."

Evan was silent for a time; then he spoke in the old sarcastic tone.

"You seem to overlook one difficulty, sir," said he.

"I have not the slightest knowledge of business in general, nor of manufacturing flax in particular.

"Indeed, my notions of the raw commodity itself are extremely vague and unsatisfactory."

"It would be as well to treat a serious subject in a more becoming tone, Evan," said Sir William, looking gravely annoyed.

"Of course, I am as well aware as yourself of your ignorance in this respect; but that I have provided against.

"The old overlooker, who is a man of judgment and probity, would remain with you for some time, and your own talents and industry ought to suffice to make you acquainted with what is necessary to know long before his engagement would expire."

"That somewhat alters the case, sir," said Evan, his countenance evidently brightening; "but——"

"But what, Evan?" interrupted Sir William.

"A Lloyd, with the blood of Welsh princes in his veins, would, I think, be *rather* out of place in a flax mill."

"So do I, Evan," returned his father, "and I am glad to see your own good sense bringing you to the conclusion I wished."

"Pardon me, my dear sir," said Evan, "it is you who are coming to a hasty conclusion.

"It is a lamentable lesson which I have learned during my two-and-twenty years of life, that we must sometimes choose between evils, not between contending and tempting goods.

"And that is my unfortunate case just now."

"Few people would call the prospect of a good living, and perhaps with the abilities you possess, and the interest you can command, even of rank in the Church, an evil, Evan," returned Sir William, in a disappointed tone.

"You are pleased to be complimentary to my poor talents, sir," said Evan; "but I assure you I should only make a regular fiasco if I attempted anything of the sort.

"I am sure I could never write a sermon; and as to the marryings and buryings, and listening to sick people's groans, I really could not stand it.

"I should lose my gown in three months, even if I were fool or knave enough ever to take orders.

"You had better dismiss the idea altogether, my dear sir."

"Well Evan," said Sir William with a deep sigh, "I could fain have wished it otherwise; but if you have so strong an antipathy to that profession, there seems no alternative but that I have mentioned. Am I to understand you decide on becoming a manufacturer?"

Evan winced a little under his father's words; the tone in which the last sentence was pronounced had an involuntary touch of scorn in it.

"It would surely be fair, sir, that I should have a little time to consider my determination," said he.

"Remember, it is but half an hour since I had the slightest hint of such an arrangement; to-morrow, I will give you my definite answer."

"Perhaps you have reason in that, Evan," said his father.

"Twenty-four hours is not a great space of time to think on a life's destiny.

"So be it, then, and to-morrow you shall give me your final reply; but remember, that you have no escape from the two courses I have laid before you, so far as any help from me goes.

"I will not waste my small fortune on fruitless schemes, nor on idleness.

"I have been an indulgent—perhaps too indulgent a father, and Lucy well repays the affection and care she has had.

"Let me not fear that my only son, the hope of my declining years, and the heir of an ancient name, will be less worthy of his ancestors than his young sister."

Sir William turned to his table, and taking up a pen, began to write, and Evan, well pleased to escape, left the room on this hint that the conversation was at an end.

He did not go look for Lucy, in order to fulfil the engagement with her, but went at once to his favorite haunt, a seat by the clear rocky stream, where he had often spent hours in fishing in past days.

The spot commanded a glimpse of the mill of which his father had been speaking. It was a handsome-looking building enough; and near it, and on the same small estate, was a pretty cottage residence—cottage in style, but spacious and gentlemanly enough for his ideas, and certainly for his income.

A beautifully laid-out garden, a park-like meadow through which the mill-stream flowed, and wood-like shrubbery belonged to the domain.

"No such bad shop, after all," he muttered; "and then of course I should not bother myself about matters, but leave them to this same 'trusty' over-looker, on condition that he found me plenty of funds.

"And then it would be a famous jolly place for some bachelor friends, or perhaps later, for a wife.

"I wonder whether Winifred Herbert has turned out as pretty as she promised? Lucy says she is lovely, but girls always praise each other when they are not jealous.

"'Tis two years since I saw her."

Again he paused, and a less satisfied expression came over his face.

"A manufacturer!—a 'Lloyd in trade!" he soliloquised.

"Bah! 'tis not a pleasant idea; but what's in a name?

"Certainly not money; and as to rank, I'd rather have wealth, and freedom to do as suited me, than please a whole legion of defunct old fogies who chose to spend what ought to have been mine.

"A clergyman! Even a dean, or a bishop! Bah! I can't stand the idea of such a thing.

"Give up all freedom and pleasure for a white choker, a parsonage, and a few hundreds a year!

"No, I will never think, nor even hear of it.

"Flax for ever! in spite of all the Lloyds in the family vaults."

As he half pronounced the last sentence he heard a light step near him, and, supposing it to be his sister come to seek him, turned sharply and half impatiently round. It was not Lucy, but a girl still younger, and, to his taste, even prettier than his sister.

Three years previous to the opening of our tale Winifred Herbert was somewhat different, and even lovelier than when we saw her sitting on that rudely-cut seat beneath a magnificent old elm tree.

Her large gray eyes were full of a soft brilliant light.

A quiet, yet overflowing happiness shone in their depths; her skin, pure and cream-like, had the slightest possible tinge of bloom, like the faint color on a peach; and her rich lips were red, and inexpressively sweet and smiling in their child-like innocence and content.

She was not then more than sixteen, and her simple white dress, and the girlish simplicity with which her hair was dressed, served to take a year or so even from that extreme youth.

She had come on Evan suddenly, the place where he sat being concealed by a thick tree, and a beautiful color rushed to her cheeks as she met his gaze.

"Winifred! is it possible?" he exclaimed, rising to meet her.

"I should scarcely have known you!"

"I knew you at once, Evan," she said, too young and guileless to feel or affect reserve to the companion of her childhood; "but it was not likely you should remember me so well.

"Am I grown so much that you did not know me?"

"You are—well, I won't say what you are," he replied, with a look that supplied his words.

"But I must correct your statement, Miss Herbert.

"I said I should 'scarcely' have known you.

"I did not mean that I could forget my little playfellow."

"Where is Lucy?" asked the young girl, to cover the shyness that was fast creeping over her.

"She said she should come to the Farm this morning."

"So she intended," replied Evan, "and it was my fault, or rather my father's fault, that she did not keep her engagement.

"And now that we have met so fortunately, you must let me go home with you and renew my acquaintance with your good mother.

"I did not see a great deal of her during my last vacation or two."

Winifred did not understand the compliment as it was intended, but simply replied, "I am sure my mother will be very glad to see you."

"And now, tell me, have you left that weary school, Winifred?" he asked.

"I cannot imagine what they do without you, either at the Farm or the Grange."

"No," she replied, with a bright smile, "I am only sixteen, you know, and my father says I am to stay there till I am seventeen, and you know I was rather older than many girls are when I went first to Abergeldie."

"Well," continued Evan, "I cannot quarrel with a place that has wrought such—— Nay, don't look vexed, Winifred!

"You know I have a bad habit of saying what I mean and feel.

"But surely you are not kept in school-girl bondage, when just as you are come to womanhood?"

"Not very terrible," said Winifred, smiling.

"I have all the dignity of an 'elder' girl, almost a grown-up young lady, since the last vacation, and I receive letters from home, and answer them without their being inspected, and am even allowed to see friends without Miss Lee's superintendence."

"I am glad to hear it," said the young man, smiling at her artless, pretty assumption of womanly privileges; "but, Winifred," he added, "I never yet comprehended why you were sent off so suddenly two years ago.

"I was quite thunderstruck when I returned to find my little sweetheart gone, and Lucy left solitary and dull to her own devices."

Winifred looked down, and her long eyelashes were consequently fully displayed to her companion's admiring gaze.

"Lucy can never be very solitary with dear Lady Lloyd as her companion," she replied.

"But you know, Evan, I am very differently placed from your sister, and my father wished me to grow up a few degrees from a dunce; so he sent me to school for three years.

"After that I am to return and finish my education under the instruction of my mother and old Jenny."

Evan looked puzzled; but Winifred laughed almost as gaily as Lucy herself.

"Don't you know I am a farmer's daughter, Mr. Evan?" she continued, "and ought to understand butter, and cheese, and baking, and brewing, and poultry, and pickles, and preserves, and all kinds of——"

"Stop, stop! in pity to my bewildered brains!" cried Evan, deprecatingly.

"Why a governess's advertisement in the Times is nothing to your list, Winifred.

"But you don't mean to say that your mother would let you meddle in such——"

He paused, remembering that it was hardly polite to Winifred herself to despise occupations which formed her mother's daily life.

Young as she was, Winifred comprehended his meaning, and added immediately, "Such vulgar, commonplace employments, you think?

"They become our station in life, Mr. Evan.

"Even Lucy does not think it beneath her to learn domestic matters.

"She knows a great deal more than I do about them."

Evan winced.

His school and college life had made him terribly sensitive as to the position of his family; he did not like to feel that his mother and sister were scarcely more raised above such cares and duties than Mrs. Herbert herself.

"Well, there is another year's respite for those white hands, Winifred," he replied; "and who knows what may happen before then?"

Was it a presentiment of the future which made Evan Lloyd utter those words, and which brought a sudden color to the delicate cheek of Winifred Herbert, as she unconsciously repeated, "Who indeed?"

It was strange that one so childlike in age and in experience should think thus of the future; a singular foreshadowing of evil to come.

They had now arrived at the Farm, and Evan followed Winifred into the large parlor, which answers so many purposes, and is so attractive an apartment in a well-to-do, thrifty farmhouse.

Mrs. Herbert was just making a tempting syllabub, which was to form one of the "second course" of their early dinner.

She was a bustling, good-looking little woman, with the remains of some beauty.

Bright eyes and rich brown hair survived the wear and tear of time, the incessant bodily and mental exertion, and what is known familiarly as "fussing," on the part of the good farmer's wife.

She could never believe that anything could go on properly unless under her immediate superintendence, and held as a first principle, that repose and calmness were only other names for indolence and neglect.

The natural consequence of which doctrine was, that neither she nor her household were ever at rest, and that Winifred, among others, came in for a share of expostulation and melancholy foreboding.

"Is that you, Winny, child?" she said, scarcely turning round from her important occupation as they entered; "where have you been all this time?—mooning away as usual, I dare say, while I hardly know where to turn, for 'tis churning day, and—"

"Hush, mother, hush!

"Here is Mr. Evan Lloyd," said Winifred, hurrying forward to arrest the torrent of her mother's eloquence.

"Dear me, Mr. Evan," said Mrs. Herbert, turning sharply round, "is it you?

"Well, I did hear that you had returned; but, as we never saw you at the Farm when you were home last Easter, I hardly reckoned on your coming.

"But better late than never.

"I'm glad to see you, sir, and looking wonderfully well and manly, too.

"Why, dear me, how time flies!

"It seems but yesterday since you were a boy, playing me all sorts of tricks, in my dairy and store-room; and now you're a man grown; but then, to be sure, I'm always so busy, and that makes time go quicker.

"Now, Winifred, here——"

The young girl looked timidly at Evan during this stream of words, well knowing that her mother's ideas would flow on without much regard to logical arrangement, or fitness for the ears of the person she addressed.

But, for some reason or other, the young man exhibited most praiseworthy deference and attention to the good dame, and with skilful artfulness diverted the current when it threatened to turn upon Winifred.

"I am afraid I shall forget the lapse of time as well as yourself, Mrs. Herbert," said he; "for that syllabub looks so tempting, that I feel almost inclined to play you tricks again, as you call them."

The farmer's wife looked flattered, and for the time forgot her cause of complaint against her daughter.

"I shall be proud for you to taste it, Mr. Evan," she said.

"You keep late hours at the Grange, I know; but perhaps you won't mind taking a bit of lunch, at our homely dinner."

"Is Mr. Herbert from home?" asked Evan.

"No, Mr. Evan.

"I expect him in every minute," was the reply.

"But he's like Winifred, he thinks nothing of keeping dinner waiting.

"He forgets what a hindrance it is in a house like this.

"I dare say Sir William is not often too late for his meals, Mr. Evan?"

Before Evan had time to vindicate his father's reputation from this rather equivocal compliment, the farmer himself entered.

At a glance it could be seen from whence Winifred derived her dream-like grey eyes, her beautiful mouth, and intellectual brow.

Mr. Herbert was a tall, rather slightly built man, singularly refined-looking for his calling, and with an expression of thought and kindly feeling in his every feature that won trust and regard at first sight; but still there was nothing inconsistent with the English yeoman in his appearance or dress, or even manner.

All was simple and homely, but dignified by the intelligence, sound sense, and high principle of the inner man.

His greeting of their guest was rather different from that of his wife.

"This is indeed kind of you, Mr. Evan," he said.

"I was vexed not to get sight of you when you were here last.

"Sir William and her ladyship are so condescending and friendly, they make us feel as if we had a right to watch over you and Miss Lucy, as you grow to man and womanhood.

"You're quite matured now, Mr. Evan—nothing of the boy left now."

"There are troubles as well as privileges in man's estate, Mr. Herbert," said Evan, smiling good-humoredly.

"But I am keeping you from dinner, and I see your good wife is impatient."

"You'll take some of our simple fare, Mr. Evan," said the farmer.

"Welsh air gives an appetite, I'm told, when folks come back to it."

"Nothing like one's native air, Mr. Herbert," said Evan, "especially when there are such tempting dishes before one."

No one could be more fascinating than Evan Lloyd when he chose, and the few sentences he had already spoken had won

or him the good will of both the father and mother of pretty Winifred.

"Do you find much change, Mr. Evan, since you were here last," asked the farmer, when the good things had been discussed.

Evan cast an involuntary glance at the young girl opposite to him, but he restrained the impulse to confess that the greatest alteration was in his fair playfellow.

"There are of course some changes, even in this small place, since I was here last for any length of time," he replied; "but the chief event I have heard since I returned is the death of the owner of the flax-mill at the Bridge.

"Did you know much of him?"

"Not a great deal, Mr. Evan," replied the farmer.

"He was quite out of my calling, which prevents men coming much in contact; and he was more bent on money-making than I ever was, or wish to be."

"Indeed," said Evan; "then he died rich, I suppose?"

The farmer looked half-surprised at his young visitor's interest in the deceased manufacturer.

"Not exactly rich, I fancy," he replied, courteously, and without betraying his astonishment, "for Lewis had had scarcely time to reap the benefit of what he had been planning and scheming.

"He had spent a good deal of money in expensive and new machinery, and all the modern improvements, and I don't doubt it would have answered well if he had lived.

"Why, he insured the mill and machinery, I know, for something like fifty thousand dollars, including the then stock, and that's a good deal increased since."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

In The Wilderness.

BY ALICE GUNTER.

IN Kew Gardens, under that which is among trees what a cathedral is among churches, a young girl sat upon a low bough, waiting for some one.

And evidently waiting, for there was a listening look in her eyes, and she seemed impatient, by the quick unclasping and reclasping of her small hands.

She was a pretty girl, with a good true expression, and by the costliness of her dress seemed to belong to the higher grade of society.

She seemed timid too, and trembled when a thrush rustled above her in the green boughs—boughs that let in religiously-shaded light and coyly-peeping sunbeams.

Dead leaves, that varied from tenderest yellow to deeply-glowing crimson, made a carpet for her restlessly beating feet.

A light breeze breathed upon the waters and was wafted to her face.

She shivered, as though chilled by inward more than outward cold.

A little brown bird flew under the tree, and hopped saucily to her very side and chirped cheerfully.

She smiled, looked into its bright eyes, and sighed to see it go high into a bright expanse of blue above the tree-tops.

Solitude is sweet to those who wish to think, but perplexing to those who dread thought above all things.

So Gertrude Calcot arose from her rustic seat, and began busily twisting and untwisting a bunch of coral at her throat, that clustered prettily upon a velvet coat of russet brown.

"Will he come?" she wondered, as she looked at her watch, and noticed how the seemingly lagging time had sped.

"'Tis too bad; I have waited an hour."

Her vivid lips pouted like a spoiled child's, as she spoke hardly above her breath.

"'Tis too bad, Trudie, I confess; yet I could not help it, dear."

Trudie turned.

Her pretty cheeks flushed brighter than the coral at her neck.

"O Phil, I thought you were not coming."

Her eager little hands were caught in two strong brown ones, and her pretty head drawn upon the heart of her lover, a fine young fellow with a resolute dark face, such as one sees in paintings by Murillo.

"Kiss me again, little sweetheart, and say you are glad to see your big boy again."

"O pet, the weeks have seemed like years since I saw you."

He drew her down beside him on a big bough that had bent its strength to the earth—it seemed to afford a seat for lovers.

She rested her head lovingly against his shoulder, with that trustfulness that shows intense affection.

Evidently their united love was of long endurance.

"I have no good news, little girl.

"The will is still missing, and I as far from the hope of winning your father's consent as ever."

Gertrude sighed and stroked his cheek sympathetically, as she said:

"Courage, my king.

"We must be patient; all will come well in time."

"Your faith is great in time, Gertie; yet you must understand how miserable this uncertainty is making me."

"You are certain of me, Phil."

"Yes, dear; indeed I am, or there would be little enough left in life worth being certain about.

"But we can't go on meeting like this.

"It might compromise you, whose reputation is dearer to me than even your companionship."

"But I am so very wretched, Phil, when I do not see you."

She nestled a little closer as she spoke, and he sighed as he pushed the little shining rings of hair off her forehead, and tried to smile into her childlike eyes.

"My treasure, you know you are my one delight, my only hope of happiness; but we must be prudent, pet."

Gertrude drew herself out of his hold, and said, a little coldly.

"Are you sure the journey from town is repaid by the brief pleasure of our interview? for pleasure I still believe it by your eyes."

"Believe my eyes, sweet, and do not pain me by unjust suspicion.

"My only anxiety is for you; you know that."

"Of course I do, dear old boy; so forgive my impatience.

"I think I only wanted you to make a pretty protest."

"The dignity of truth is lost by much protesting," my little love.

"But tell me, what will you do if this will is irretrievably lost, and I am beggared?"

The girl's face was glorified by a look of deathless love, as she answered, very solemnly, resting her hand upon his:

"I will come to you, to comfort you for your loss, dear, share your poverty, and be a happiness to you, always holding it highest honor to be your wife."

"You are a noble little darling.

"My heart aches when I think how unworthy of you is the future I can offer."

"Need you be sorry since I am content?

"What worthier future could a true woman want than to be a help and comfort to the man she loves.

"To share his fortune, however humble, and to make up, by all the pleasantness of her nature, for his reverses?

"O my darling, you can ill measure the compass of a woman's love, if you think I fear to leave my life to your guardianship."

Philip Frost kissed her almost reverently; then said, more cheerfully:

"You have been my good genius ever since I was a headstrong wayward boy, Trudie.

"You make me very happy.

"Your love is my great safeguard against my lesser self.

"For your dear sake I will be brave and patient, and hope on.

"But it will be uphill work to win a position even a living, after my idle life of pleasure and expectation."

"You will soon get the will to work, sweetheart, soon feel sure of yourself and fortune.

"For I am confident you will succeed in something."

"O pet, but what is the something to be?"

Gertrude's forehead puckered.

What, indeed was his work to be?

She did not know.

She only felt a woman's blind confidence in the man she loved.

She only knew that, as a rule, fortune comes to those who

"Learn to labor and to wait."

He smiled a little dismally at her perplexity, and she nodded saucily at him, and said she would think about it for him.

Then he changed the subject, and asked about her own life.

She tried to smile, with a quivering lip, as she confessed her life with her stern old father, in a gloomy house by the river, was "just a little dull and weary.

"But that study and thoughts of him, combined with walks in the wonderful Gardens, brightened life for her considerably."

The September sunset shone on the young people as, hand in hand, they walked together in the "Wilderness," remarking the shimmer on the water, the tender tints of the trees, the softness of the springy turf, and the confidence of the saucy bright-eyed birds.

When the witchery of twilight came upon them, they said good-bye tenderly, regretting that their short interview must now end.

"You will write, Phil?"

"Of course I will, dear little girl.

"And you will send me your long cheerling answers, to comfort me for my enforced absence."

"Indeed I will," she said, gladdened by his earnest tone.

"And you won't forget you have promised to decide the important business of what I am to do to earn my own living and yours?"

A pretty blush spread now beauty in her looks at the significant combination of their interests, and she said—

"Leave it to me, Phil.

"I feel equal to a harder task for your sake."

Then he watched her flit away in her rich sombre-tinted dress, the severe simplicity of which clearly outlined the graceful curves of her exquisite girlish shape.

Once she turned and waved her hand to him, then was quickly lost between the trees, and somehow all the sunlight seemed to disappear with her, leaving the air chill and the scene gloomy.

"She takes the best part of me with her, little girl.

"How stanch and thorough she is!

"I wish I had her courage," muttered Phil, as with long strides he walked by the river from Kew to Richmond, one of the most pleasant walks round London: yet Phil forgot to notice its beauty, because of his gloomy thoughts.

Gertrude sped on through the gathering dusk of the evening till she came to a river side gate, which she entered, went across the long lawn, and then into a sombre old stone mansion hung with dark glistening ivy.

Mounting the polished stairs, her footfall deadened by the strip of crimson carpet, she met her maid, a soft-eyed rosy-cheeked girl, about her own age, who said, under her breath:

"Your papa has been asking for you, Miss Gertrude, and Mr. Grey dines here."

Gertrude said something impatiently that sounded like "bother," and hurried off to her room, followed by her trim little maid, who mentally noticed her dew-bedabbled skirts and moss-stained coat, and decided she had been in the "Gardens."

Gliding down the lamplit stairs half an hour later, in a misty robe of silvery blue of such soft-shaded tint as one sees among the feathery clouds of a moonlit summer sky, she was met by a plain-faced clever-looking little man, whose grave dark eyes lighted up strangely at sight of her fresh soft beauty.

The man's grave middle-aged plainness contrasted ill with her young looks as they stood together, he holding her hand and looking inquiringly into her sweet eyes. He sighed when he read her cold aversion to him in her downcast looks—an aversion that her kind heart tried in vain to smother.

For this man had been offered to her as a husband, and she, foolish girl, could not see the worth of the gem, because of the rough setting.

She took a big bunch of dewy roses he offered her with some cool words of thanks and welcome, then allowed him to lead her into the heavy splendor of the dining-room where her father awaited them a little impatiently, for dining becomes a serious business after sixty, and he feared the fish would spoil.

While dinner progressed Trudie could but notice how the usually dull meal became enjoyable through Mr. Grey's bright clever talk and ever-ready tact.

She found herself growing interested, even grateful to the man who managed to make her father agreeable despite the gout and chronic quick temper.

She almost regretted when the time came for her to leave the gentlemen and steal away to the state and chilliness of the drawing-room.

Opening the piano, Gertie sat down to sing with softened voice and soul-stirred eyes.

"The Lapplander's Love Song" leapt from her lips in living streams of song; and as Mr. Grey listened he felt the fiery beat of the music match the mad surging of his heart:

"What a wonderful song, Miss Calcot! Where did you find such a gem?

"I never remember to have seen or heard it before."

"Indeed!

"The words were taken from the Spectator.

"They are the first three verses of "A Lapplander's Love Song," translated by Steele.

"The old professor of music at the school where I was educated composed the air for me.

"He was a grand old man.

"All his days seemed set to music, so pure and bright they were, like light let down from Heaven.

"It was rarely that his genius found voice, he was so retiring and self-conscious.

"But to me he was a dear good friend, and when he died I was very lonely."

Gertrude's face saddened as she spoke, and Mr. Grey looked at the pretty drooped head and graceful figure, that appeared so lonely in the large stately room, and imagined her life must have been very barren for one so young.

His sympathy sounded in his voice as he led her on to tell him of her school days, and the great heart-yearning that had caused the timid child to seek friendship from the quaint old professor.

Gertrude had never opened her heart so freely to him before to-night.

She felt a longing to be borne out of her self-containment, a weariness of her own thoughts, a restless craving for sympathy, that bade her speak as she had never spoken before to living soul.

Presently he persuaded her to wrap herself in a warm shawl and walk with him out in the moonlit garden.

The night was wonderful! one of those clear bright moonlights that come with the first frosts, when Heaven's lamp seems to hang clear of the sky like a big luminous pearl.

The trees stood tall and dark beside the waters outlined in sombre grandeur against the cold blue sky.

Gertrude walked on in silence; the scene seemed to have laid a spell upon her.

A year ago, at this same spot, on just such a night, Owen Grey had asked her to be his wife.

And she had refused, a refusal that he took so quietly and kindly as to cause her to think he did not much regret her loss.

"Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep."

It was long ere he took courage to look into her face again.

She seemed very near his heart to-night; he felt she needed his friendship, perhaps his help, and he resolved to lock his love in his own heart and be to her only a brother.

"May I tell you, Miss Calcot, how sincerely I regret to hear of your old friend Phil's change of fortune?

"Is there no hope that he may retain the property that should be justly his if long possession can constitute a right?"

Gertrude sighed wearily, he had brought back her pain so suddenly, but she spoke calmly when she said:

"I am afraid Phil's uncle must have destroyed the will.

"It is very unfortunate for us; but Phil will work and win a new standing in the world that has treated him so very wickedly."

"And your engagement still continues?"

"Of course.

"Did you think so poorly of me as to suppose any change of fortune could influence me?"

"Forgive me, child, and tell me what are your plans."

"We have none as yet.

"I have promised to think for my poor boy."

All at once her face lighted up with a look of resolve.

Putting a hand on his, she said excitedly:

"Mr. Grey, will you help us?

"Cannot you give Phil a place in your office?"

Mr. Grey was silent, pleased at her confidence, and yet stirred by a jealous rage that she should ask him, of all mankind, to befriend his rival.

Yet he loved her too well to refuse her anything.

Had she asked for his life, he would have yielded it to her, glad to show his devotion.

"I see I have counted too largely on your friendship, Mr. Grey.

"Consider all unsaid, and let us return to the house."

"Perhaps it were too much to expect to find entire unselfishness in a man.

"I can concede, and still be selfish; for I can do what you ask for the mere pleasure of serving you, and helping on that happiness the thought of which is such a glory to you.

"Shake hands, child, and believe me grateful for your faith in me."

Trudie's heart was too full for thanks. She could but clasp his hand in both of hers, and press her pretty lips upon it.

"Don't do that, Gertrude.

"You forget I am but human, and you set my envious lips longing to supplant my unworthy hand."

He spoke lightly, but Trudie saw his face change, and heard his shaken voice.

Moved out of herself by his goodness, she uplifted her pure lips to his of her own sweet will, and let him kiss her.

* * * * * *

Two years had passed peacefully away, and Trudie again wandered alone in the Wilderness, thinking, thinking, with a haggard weary look in her fair face and an ache at her heart that seemed to stifle her.

The sun slanted down upon her; but, much as she loved the old Gardens and the wonderful trees, her eyes left their beauty unnoticed to-day.

True, usually she loved to look upon the stately height of wooded beauty, and 'believe a goddess shrined in every tree,' but to-day her heart was too full of pain and perplexity to admit of such pleasant picturing.

A quick step caused her to turn and meet Mr. Grey, who came towards her with hands outstretched and a look of compassion in the clear depths of his steadfast eyes.

"Well," he said, gazing into her troubled face, "I suppose you wonder what I wanted you for.

"You see, dear, I want to talk about something that concerns you and some one who is dearer to you than all the world beside."

"It is some new trouble about Phil, is it not?"

"Yes, child, it is; but don't look so scared, for the ill is as yet not beyond your power of curing."

"Tell me at once, please; I feel by the sinking of my heart that there is more the matter than you would have me know."

"Nonsense, child; I am only a little anxious about Phil for your sake.

"He is a fine fellow, but, like all healthy young animals, a little wild: goes the pace a bit too fast for the position of trust we have placed him in.

"In fact, unless he changes his present course of life, I, in duty to my partner, must cease to hold this handsome sweetheart in the esteem I trust he still deserves."

"What do you want me to do, Owen?

"For my sake, be patient; Phil is weak, I know; but he is true, honest, and manly."

Trudie looked into Mr. Grey's eyes beseechingly, as though begging him to confirm her opinion.

He sighed a little wearily, and looked at the river, the boats, the trees, anywhere but into that appealing young face, and said:

"Yes, child; he is all this, and more, perhaps.

"I try to do his merits justice.

"What I want of you is that you should be his good angel, come to town and stay with sister Lucy and I.

"Renew your influence over this reckless fellow who is throwing away every chance of happiness and prosperity to gratify his thirst for the excitement he calls 'life.'

"He loves you, and by the power of that love you must hold him back from ruin of body and soul.

"Do not look so frightened, child; perhaps I put the case too strongly, but my concern for your future makes me earnest

than I should be, if it were not that I believe your happiness depends on this foolish fellow's well-being.

"Will you come to us dear?"

"Yes, at once, if you will get the dad's permission."

"That I had secured before speaking to you, so that it is comfortably settled so far. You had better return with me to-night, and let your maid follow.

"Shall it be so?"

"You are very kind to both Phil and me—kinder than we deserve."

"Hush; I cannot be too kind to you to satisfy my own heart.

"But come, let us go into the palm-house; I hear it is a perfect paradise of leaves."

Trudie allowed him to draw her hand through his arm, and lead her where he wished.

She was very silent; all the life seemed frozen in her heart.

She wondered how the present perplexity would end.

Presently she found that Mr. Grey was talking to her about the grand tall palms, and she tried to listen and answer brightly; but something kept drearily whispering to her, "You do not know all; there is more pain, more pain, more pain."

She permitted him to lead her from one fernery to another; after awhile they stood in the house where the Victoria Regia's regal leaves lay like plates of malachite on the water, and the royal flower upheld its fairy face to the faint sweet air.

"Is it too warm for you, child?

"You look ill."

"No; I am not ill, thanks, and I like to see the flowers.

"There is a greenhouse close by, I believe, where there is a beautiful eucharis in full bloom; shall we go to see it?"

"Yes, come along; I must trust to you to find it."

A few moments later, they stood alone before the ethereal blossom.

Entranced by its subtle suggestiveness of spiritual life, the pearly petals seemed to bend their white lips to whisper to Trudie of peace.

She looked into its heart, felt the scent of its faint perfume fill her with a strange charm.

In a hushed voice, she said softly:

"It seems to me this flower, with its Christ-like face, must have a soul."

"Indeed, its fairness might make it the soul of flowers, Gertrude.

"But come, dear; you must tear yourself away; 'tis very hot here, and it is time we started back, if we do not intend to keep your father waiting for his dinner."

* * * * * * *

Gertrude had been in town a week, but had seen but little of Phil.

To her surprise, he seemed to shrink from all signs of friendship from his employer.

He did not seem his usual cheery self in the grand Kensington mansion, where Owen Grey lived with his handsome widowed sister, who took a great interest in the struggling young fellow.

Gertrude could not like Mrs. Daintree, try as she would; she owned her handsome, clever, kind, and everything one counts as "taking;" but there could be no true sympathy between this grandly-imperative woman of the world and the tired true-hearted girl who, at twenty, confessed life, so far, had been to her a big blunder.

In her innermost heart Trudie confessed herself vaguely disappointed in Phil; still that feeling made her all the more affectionate and considerate to him.

While he—well, he wished he knew not what; wished for the missing will to be found, and to be again in his old position, with a regally lovely woman for his wife, a woman who held him in a bondage that bore down honor, and held all suffering, sin, or sloth as trifles, so that he could hug his miserable joy and cause her to surrender herself to him.

Trudie felt the change in him, but fancied the fault was her own.

She wanted to hold him back from his baser self, to lead him through paths of love to a nobler life; but this was a hard task, for, the more she clung to him, the farther he seemed to drift away, the deeper to sink to that fever of unrest that threatened him with ruin.

"Why not give him up?" asked Lucy Daintree one day when she found her guest in tears, the harvest of a long unprofitable talk with Phil.

"Let him gang his ain gait, child; his fate is too much for such feeble hands as yours to hold."

She threw Gertrude's pretty pink palms from her clasp as if she loathed them.

"Oh, I could not break my promise to him.

"I must be true to him in his poverty, as I was in his prosperity."

"But does he desire you to be true?"

"Why should he not?

"He loves me."

"Are you sure of that?"

"As sure as years of companionship and need could make me."

"Yet you may be mistaken; and, in clinging to him thus, drag him down to unknown depths of misery and deceit.

"If he were restored to his old standing, and you were sure he were better without you, would you give him up?"

"Indeed I would," said Gertrude, surprised at the eager fire of her friend's speech.

"Oh! and break your heart, I suppose, with the pain of parting with this perfect lover?"

"Hush!" said Gertrude.

"Why try to sound the depths you know not of?"

"Oh, why indeed!

"Here comes Owen, and we promised to be ready to start to the play directly he came.

"Dear good fellow, surely there was never yet such a good brother! Is he not noble?"

"He is a good true man; you are right to be proud of him.

"I wish I had such a brother."

Gertrude sighed, for since her stay in town she could not but compare the two men she most cared for, and find the one she loved less by far than the one she called friend.

That night at the play both Owen and Phil were present, the latter flushed with wine, and with a reckless fire in his fine eyes.

Gertrude was left to Owen, while Phil feasted his eyes upon the full flowering loveliness of Mrs. Daintree, who, dressed in a robe of sombre lace, with dashes of vivid color at her bare breast and amid the coils of her dark hair, flashed her fairness at him till his brain reeled, and he felt safety slipping beneath his feet.

Oh, to hold her perfect beauty to his heart for one maddening moment—to make her own she cared for him—he felt would be a sweet revenge for the dishonor she had driven him into doing for love of her!

Her great dark eyes held his from seeing the pure fairness of his own girl-love, who, with a strange startled headache, felt herself at liberty to listen to the sweet calm charm of Owen's tender words.

There came a lull, and the house was darkened before a telling scene.

Owen and Trudie leant out of their box to peep about, to give a pretext for not noticing their companions, who seemed lost to all sense but that of each other's presence.

"You love me, my queen—I feel you do," whispered Phil, his hot hand resting on Lucy's shoulder.

She shivered beneath his touch.

Oh, how she loved his power over her—how she longed to give him the right to woo her!

Yet before her sat the girl who held his promise, and beside her the brother who would die gladly to win that girl's happiness.

A strange fire stirred her to speech, and she whispered:

"I do love you—I love you so that all the world were lost without you!"

And he lowered his lips till they clung to hers.

Then they started apart, for Owen turned his eyes into the box, and said lightly:

"Are you two talking secrets?"

That night brother and sister faced each other alone, both moved and white; one stern and condemning, the other wild and proud, like one who feels her world totter beneath her feet.

"I tell you, Lucy, it is madness to hope for happiness.

"Could you be happy, think you, if that happiness caused a true woman the bitterest woe—that of knowing the man she loves untrue?

"If he persist in this, I will hunt him into such a dire dishonor as he little dreams of.

"Even when he forged my name to pay betting debts, I spared him because I knew his love for you had maddened him; but if he brings but one pain to my darling's heart, I'll crush him as I would a reptile that I saw sliding up to her to do her injury.

"You understand that if you persist in caring for this man, I'll crush him."

"I understand that you love this puny girl so well that you would wreck three lives upon her fancy.

"I understand that your sister is nothing to you.

"You forget the misery of my first marriage—a money match that made me old at thirty.

"Oh Owen, even as you love this girl I love Phil—love him so that to be with him I could throw aside every tie in life.

"Owen, you do not know all the power of loving, or you would not be so cruel for that girl's sake.

"Yet think for one moment.

"You brought her here to win him back to his old faith; it has failed. He cannot—he dare not—be what he used to be to her. I should kill him if he were.

"Why not forget all the old ties—leave us to love, and try afresh your own chance with Gertrude?

"I believe—nay, I am sure—she cares for you, and you love her still."

"With me, Lucy, love goes on for ever; but before I try my chance again I must be sure she has ceased to hold another dearest. Hush, here she comes!"

* * * * * * *

"Gertrude, I have come to tell you there is no longer any obstacle to our union.

"Ours has been a long engagement, dear. Are you ready to fulfil it?"

Phil spoke gently, kindly, and with something of the old fond smile, but Gertrude seemed changed; there was no gladness in the face she turned to him, saying:

"So you have found the will, and are independent of the world again, Phil? Oh, I am so glad!"

She clasped her hands as she spoke, and looked like one relieved from a great pain. Phil felt perplexed and impatient.

"You have not said when you will be my wife, Gertrude," he said.

"Oh, no; never that; always your true dear friend and sister, but never your wife! While you were poor, struggling, and even ruined, I and all I had were yours.

"Now you can do without me, for the love of God, set me free! You do not love me as you can love.

"You do not answer me; yet, surely, you must see 'tis right that we should part.

"While you needed me and my promise, you know I held your sacred right to possess both; but now there is no need, and it would make us both so very unhappy!"

"Gertrude, you know best; you always did. But forgive me, dear; indeed I have tried to be true."

"Hush! I know.

"So we may shake hands, and thank God we are out of a 'Wilderness' of doubt, and perhaps dishonor."

A year later a girl lay dead, and a sad-eyed man laid a flower with a Christ-like face upon her heart, and wept for the "doubly dead, because she died so young."

FORTY YEARS AGO.—To get back forty years ago, fully as useful a contrast and as instructive a comparison may be made as to bring the earlier settlers from England, Holland and France in opposition to their descendants of two hundred years later.

In 1883, and for some period thence onward, money, as currency, was scarce.

Possibly general business suffered for want of the medium of exchange. Money, in bills or coin, had a value that would be looked upon now as almost a worshipping of a fetich. "One dollar a day" was "a good day's pay," and so it was considered even for fairly skilful labor.

Several men, for instance, were employed in squaring, by chalk line and broad axe, the round timbers to form the framing of a dam.

Others bored the holes for mortises and chiseled them out. Others did the "scribing," the sawing, and dressing of the tenons. Few of them got over one and a quarter dollars per day "from sunup to sundown." The man who could "scribe," and who laid out the job, got perhaps one dollar and fifty cents. The machinist got from one dollar and fifty to two dollars per day; and he who got the two dollars was a fortunate man; and for that time he was a competent man. Laborers had fifty cents per day, and in haying time, when several days' ordinary work must be crowded into twelve, fourteen, or sixteen hours, they got seventy-five cents. Special workman, apt at any jobs, one dollar.

Now this is a fair showing of the value of labor forty years ago. What was the relative value of housing, fuel, food and clothing? Rents were low. A good house for the times cost from $25 to $40 per year. Fuel—wood—was somewhat less than it can be furnished as coal now, at any place remote from the mines, say for an ordinary family six cords of hickory, $24, now four tons of coal (two fires) about equal.

Food cost less forty years ago than now; but it was not the same food. Fresh meat once, or at most, twice a week, and rarely that except in "the killing season;" fish caught at the stream or pond, or hawked about at four cents a pound dressed. Vegetables from the garden or from the market at twenty-five cents a bushel for potatoes and less prices for turnips.

Onions almost as dear as now, and cabbages no cheaper.

Clothing can be bought cheaper now than it could be forty years ago, and it is cheaper in more than one sense. Perhaps it would be better for the country at large if better clothing at higher prices should be the rule.

It is scarcely necessary to add to "how we lived forty years ago" any statement of how we live or how we might live now. It is enough to the present earner of his bread by labor to know of the annoyances and lack of opportunities of his predecessor.

A glance over the condition of forty years ago and the present condition will convince any unprejudiced mind that an improvement has been made in the condition of our workers, and that the worker of to-day gets a better return for his labor than he did forty years ago.

And this statement applies as nearly to the unskilled worker as to the adept mechanic. Only that the advantage now, as ever before, holds with the intelligent, skilled, experienced mechanic.

TAR AND RATS.—A householder who had been greatly troubled by rats, and had tried many ways for getting rid of them without success, at last found relief by giving a pair of them a coat of tar. He says: "One evening I set a large wire-rat trap, attaching inside a most seductive piece of strongly smelling cheese; and next morning I found, to my satisfaction, that I had succeeded in trapping a very large rat, one of the largest I had ever seen, which, after I had besmeared with tar, I let loose into his favorite run. The next night I tried again, and succeeded in catching another equally big fellow, and served him in the same manner. I could not follow these two tar-besmeared rats into their numerous runs, to see what would happen; but it is reasonable to assume that they either summoned together all the members of their community, and by their crestfallen appearance gave their comrades silent indications of the misfortune which had so suddenly befallen them; or that they frightened their brethren away, for they one and all forsook the place and fled. The experiment was eminently successful. From that day in 1875 till now, 1883, my house, ancient though it is, has been entirely free from rats; and I believe that there is no remedy equal to this one, if you can catch your rat alive. They never came back to the house again."

WHAT would we do without poets? The latest piece of information in verse begins, "The golden rod is yellow." Horrible it would have been had the public been obliged to remain under the hallucination that the golden rod was scarlet!

Scientific and Useful.

POTATO-IVORY.—An artificial ivory of creamy whiteness and great hardness is now made from good potatoes washed in dilute sulphuric acid, then boiled in the same solution until they become solid and dense. They are then washed free of the acid and slowly dried. The ivory can be dyed and turned, and will be useful in many ways.

GUMMED PAPER.—The tendency of paper when gummed, as in the case of postage stamps, labels, etc., to curl up is very annoying. It is said that this evil may be avoided by adding a little salt, sugar, and glycerine to the gum, very little of the latter, however, because otherwise the gum does not dry thoroughly. The gummed paper also must not be dried by too great a heat. Another peculiarity of gummed paper is its greater liability to curl up the thicker it is. The thinnest paper possible under various circumstances should therefore be used.

TO CLEAN A WATCH.—Under this heading an exchange publishes a formula, which is given below. Under a similar heading years ago the advice was published that all that was necessary to thoroughly clean a watch was to put it in boiling water with the cases open; but, as experience has proved, in at least one instance, it should have added, "then take the time-piece to a watchmaker to have it overhauled." The newer plan, which is as follows, may be more reliable and less costly: "Place a watch, with the case open and the works in motion, in a vessel, so that the watch will be completely covered with benzine. After three hours it will be found that the watch has been thoroughly cleaned. The vessel should be covered with parchment paper, and the watch, before it is removed, should be slightly agitated. Lastly the watch is laid in benzine again, but this time a little petroleum oil is added, in order to lubricate the machinery."

NEW FLOORS.—A new process for covering floors is described as follows: The floor is thoroughly cleaned. The holes and cracks are then filled with paper putty, made by soaking newspapers in a paste made as follows: To one pound of flour add three quarts of water and a tablespoonful of ground alum, and mix thoroughly. The floor is coated with this paste, and then a thickness of manilla or hardware paper is put on. This is allowed to dry thoroughly. The manilla paper is then covered with paste and a layer of wall paper of any style or design is put on. After allowing this to dry thoroughly it is covered with two or three more coats of sizing made by dissolving half a pound of white glue in two quarts of water. After this is allowed to dry the surface is given in one coat of "hard oil finish varnish," which can be bought already prepared. This is allowed to dry thoroughly, when the floor is ready for use. The process is represented to be durable and cheap, and, besides taking the place of matting, carpet, oilcloths, or like covering, makes the floor air-tight, and permits of its being washed.

Farm and Garden.

POTATOES AND APPLES.—Dry sand poured into the filled barrels of apples and potatoes after storing in the cellar has been found to be a decided improvement on all other plans for keeping them, they remaining till late spring as "crisp and apparently as fresh as when gathered."

BRILLIANT BLACK.—A brilliant black can be produced, it is said, on iron and steel by applying with a fine hair-brush a mixture of turpentine and sulphur boiled together. When the turpentine evaporates there remains on the metal a thin layer of sulphur, which unites closely with the iron when heated for a time over a spirit of gas flame.

SHARPEN THE HOES.—Take your hoes to the grindstone every morning when they are in use, and make an edge on them that will cut a weed root easily. It may oblige you to buy a new set of hoes next spring, but that will not cost more than seventy-five cents, and two men with sharp hoes are worth as much as three men with those that are as "dull as a hoe," so it will require but a few days to pay for the new hoe. Yes, sharpen the hoes.

POND MUD.—Pond mud is a very indifferent compound. Some of it is rich in vegetable matters, and when properly composted with barn-yard manure, or with lime, makes a valuable fertilizer. Other mud from the bottom of ponds, as not worth the time required to get it ready for the land needing manure. In general, if the mud made of decayed or decaying vegetable matter, can be reached with little expense, it will pay to get it out, after which it should be composted as above stated.

GARDEN AND LAWN.—The grass of the lawn should be left uncut for some time before the ground freezes, that it may have a sufficient coat for winter protection. The fallen leaves and all litter should be raked up and used in the stable, or as a protection to tender plants; it both improves the looks of the grounds and furnishes a valuable litter, or covering. Evergreens show now to the best advantage, and a diversity of form and shades of green are very pleasing. These trees and shrubs should be selected and planted in groups, etc., largely for their winter effect. New beds and paths may be laid out now, and much work of this kind done that will add to the permanent value of the grounds, and also aid in the busy days of spring.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-THIRD YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, OCT. 27, 1888.

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BLESSINGS GONE BY.

If we consume all and save nothing, we must surely come to the end of our resources by-and-by. This principle does not apply only to our worldly means. We have to husband our working powers and the brain power whence they spring, as we have to husband everything else that we possess; and to eat up in a short time what ought to last for all our life, is bad management, and the end will surely prove its evil. We may do the same thing with friendship. We can eat up a friendship as we can eat up everything else, and leave ourselves no crumbs to go on with, out of all that large cake that once was ours. If we throw too much on our friends, make too many demands on their sympathy, their patience, their good nature, their allowance, their gentility, we shall end by eating up in a short time the cake of love that should have lasted us to the end.

Many a friendship has been squandered in this manner by excess of demands, and many a love has followed suit. By the folly of jealousy, which, once a stimulant, becomes at last a poison; by the folly of display, which, once a delicious kind of enchantment, becomes at last an oppressive nightmare; by the folly of that uneasy need of perpetual assurance, which, once gladly responded to as the sign of delightful vitality, becomes at last a tyranny too onerous to be borne; by all of these absurdities and extravagances is the food of love devoured and destroyed, and the cake which should have lasted a lifetime, eaten and done with before half the journey has been gone through. We eat our cake too greedily, too inconsiderately. When it is gone we sit down and cry, and wonder how it has come about that we have nothing left to go on with.

If there is a lesson in this, it is that we all need to grasp blessings and opportunities the instant they appear. A person was walking along the sea-shore, gathering the treasures which were left on the sands. He was searching in a dreamy way, listlessly looking here and there. Suddenly the waves left at his feet a shell more beautiful than any he had found. "That shell is safe enough," he said; "I can pick that up at my leisure." But, as he waited, a higher wave swept along the beach, recaptured the shell, and bore it back to the bosom of the ocean. Is not that like many of our opportunities? Seemingly they are providentially cast at our feet. The chance to do good or to get good seems so wholly within our reach that we think it is safe to attend to others first. We delay for a moment, and, when we turn again, the blessing and opportunity is gone.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE cigarette-smoking nuisance has reached such proportions in New York that many prohibitory notices appear in business places, and merchants and business men largely refuse to employ youths who use that form of tobacco.

—

AT some of the Western fairs this year a "great secret" is sold in sealed envelopes at ten cents apiece. The following is the secret: "Never buy an article before examining it. If you had known this before you would not have paid ten cents for a worthless envelope when you could have got a dozen for the same price."

—

A COMPANY has been formed in London for furnishing water at such a pressure that as much as ten-horse power, it is said, can be obtained from a one-inch supply-pipe. The scale of charges is regulated by the amount of water consumed, the company furnishing the motors at a rental of about $25 a year. For the water the charge is from $1.50 to $2 per thousand gallons, according to the amount used.

—

THE German army is the most perfect military machine in existence. Each corps is constructed so as to form in itself a complete little army that can without inconvenience be at any time detached from the main body. During peace everything is kept ready for mobilization in case of war. If the decree for mobilization were to be wired to-morrow from Berlin, the whole field would be ready in a few hours to march.

—

ONE of the prominent insurance companies of Hartford recently appointed a young man to a vacancy caused by the resignation of a lady stenographer. It is stated that this is in accordance with what is now the settled policy of the company, which has hitherto employed a number of females. Women do the work well for a time, but it is said to be the general impression in insurance circles that they are deficient in "staying qualities."

—

IN the United States, during the past year, 230,190,782 persons, nearly six times the total population of the country, were transported on 107,000 miles of railway. The total number of persons killed on the roads was something over 4,000. In Europe, in 1881, scarcely 180,000,000 passengers were transported over 173,804 miles of railway. The European railways in the year 1881 killed 6,500 persons. In America the ratio of travelers per mile is as 2,800 to 1. In Europe 900 to 1.

—

MR. RUSKIN says of courtship: In a miserable confusion of candle-light, moonlight, and limelight—and anything but daylight,—in indecently attractive and expensive dresses, in snatched moments, in hidden corners, in accidental impulses and dismal ignorances, young people smirk and ogle, whisper and whimper, and sneak and stumble, and flutter and fumble, and blunder into what they call love; expect to get whatever they like the moment they fancy it, and are continually in danger of losing all the honor of life for a folly, and all the joy of it by an accident.

—

A COMPARISON between English and American agricultural interests may not be uninteresting: England has this year under wheat 2,600,000 acres. America has over 39,000,000; England has 2,975,000 acres under oats, against about 30,000,000 acres in America; England has about 2,300,000 under barley, which is about the acreage in this country. America has 64,000,000 acres under corn. England does not grow corn. Great Britain has but about 6,000,000 head of cattle, against 30,000,000 in America; it has about 25,000,000 sheep and lambs, against about 50,000,000 in this country.

—

A WRITER in the Journal of Chemistry says that careful estimates show that 'three hours of hard study wear the body more than a whole day of physical labor. The Germans have a saying: "Without phosphorous no thought," and the consumption of that essential ingredient of the brain increases in proportion to the amount of labor which this organ is called on to perform. The importance of the brain as a working organ is shown by the amount of blood it receives, which is proportionately greater than that of any other part of the body. One-fifth of the blood goes to the brain, although its average weight is only one-fortieth of that of the body.

—

THE human pulse has rather a wide range, but the general average may be put about as follows: At birth, 140; at two years, 100; at from sixteen to nineteen years, 80; at manhood, 75; old age, 60. There are, however, great variations consistent with health. Napoleon's pulse is said to have been only 44 in the minute. A case is also related of a healthy man of 87 whose pulse was seldom over thirty during the last two years of his life, and sometimes 26. Another man of 87 years of age enjoyed good health and spirits with a pulse of 29, and there is also on record the curious instance of a man whose pulse in health was never more than 45, and, to be consistent in his inconsistency, when he had fever his pulse fell to 40, instead of rising, as is usual.

—

THE writer of "Foreign Notes" in London Truth says, that in the salon of a society lady, a few days ago, the question was discussed whether or not "American Misses" should henceforth be excluded from the best society of Trouville, unless there were good reasons for admitting them. "Some gentlemen," says the writer, "stood up for the daughters of Brother Jonathan, but, as the meeting grew hostile, they yielded. It was finally decided that any 'Miss' from across the Atlantic, who might desire to be invited, should be recommended by two ladies of undoubted rank." This edict, I suppose, is due to American girls distancing their mature English rivals, and what is worse, asking, when the latter resent their success, by what right those who have most enjoyed the spring and summer of human life are jealous of fresh May flowers?

—

G. F. BARSTOW, of San Francisco, who left an estate valued at $80,000, gave these instructions in his will: "Having observed that ostentation and expensive funerals are injurious to the people, after absorbing money which poverty cannot well spare to vanity and pride, therefore by way of example, for which I beg pardon of the undertakers, let my coffin be a plain rosewood wood box, put together with common nails or screws, without paint or varnish, with plain iron handles, and all else about the funeral to correspond with this plainness. Let there be a cheap shroud, and no flowers. What is a dead man but a handful of dirt? Instead of a hearse I might just as well be carried to the grave upon some ordinary vehicle in every-day use, since life is but a journey, and the day of death the final rest."

—

CHICAGO has a "free thinking" organization called the Liberty League, of whose latest convocation a local paper says: "The president announced, in calling the meeting to order, that they had met for the purpose of reform, and he hoped that the members would speak in reference to some practical plan for relieving suffering humanity. He made the declaration that Liberty Hall was the only place in the city of Chicago where a man could speak his honest sentiments without fear and be listened to with courtesy, and he invited all present to join in the discussion. The first speaker was an enthusiastic Spiritualist, the next a Materialist, the next a Shaker, and in a short time all were insisting on the right to ventilate their own peculiar views and denouncing the views of each other as unworthy a hearing, until, to quell the tumult, and to restore peace, the president declared the meeting adjourned."

—

THE Abbe Moignot has raised a large sum of money in France, to be devoted to the dredging of the bottom of the Red Sea. He is after Pharoah's chariots, and the costly trappings of the drowned Egyptian army. He sees no reason why some of these relics should not be recovered, even at the trouble of removing the sand which has for centuries overlaid them. He is enthusiastic in the hope of fishing up solid dividends for the stockholders in his scheme, as well as finding much that is valuable to the scholar and the archæologist. The enterprise does not seem much more chimerical than those which have been set on foot in this country for the recovery of treasures supposed to have been buried by Captain Kidd. Centuries ago the Romans threw many valuable things into the muddy Tiber, some of which have been brought to light within recent years. We may yet have in our museums some of those famous diamond-studded wheels of the war chariots of the Egyptian monarch.

—

WHY the method of education that prevailed two hundred years ago should continue, in the main, to prevail in our colleges, is a query which few thoughtful men would readily undertake to answer. We are told that the purpose of education is to prepare men for life, yet Mr. Adams was entirely right when he declared, at the recent alumni banquet at Harvard, that such was not its result. In truth, except a skinned eel or a shelled lobster, few things are worse provided for the struggle of life than the average graduate. He may be a strong man—indeed he must be a man of more than ordinary intellectual vigor to have had strength enough to turn away from the paths which reason and instinct lead him to pursue to the curriculum, the only argument for which is a mental discipline which it does not give. The fact that college-bred men succeed in life is due not so much to the training they have had as to the fact that they represent the survival of the fittest in a peculiar degree. They are the most ambitious, the most determined, and the most patient of the generation that began life with them. From such natural selection the wonder is not that there are so many examples of success, but that there are so many instances of failure.

A MOTHER'S MEMORY.

BY J. H. GREENE.

Beside life's path a flower grew—
  More beauteous to the sight
Than azure tints of sunset hue,
  Or golden stars of night.
I watched each tiny leaf unfold,
  A lovely flower gem;
And smiled to see how close it twined
  Around the parent stem.

But oh! another eye had watched,
  My flower of earthly love,
And ere the blasts of winter came,
  Transplanted it above.
His sparkling crown lacked just one stone,
  One earthly flower gem,
An angel came and plucked my bud,
  To grace His diadem.

At the Bilburys.

BY HENRY FRITH.

MR. THOMAS BILBURY is the junior partner in the great firm of Bilbury, Blackthorne, & Co., tea merchants.

The senior partner is Mr. Joseph Bilbury, his father, who has a very nice house at Kew; and until within a year or two ago, there was a third member of the firm in the person of Thomas's uncle, Mr. Babbington Blackthorne, the Calcutta representative of the establishment.

But, unfortunately, Mr. Blackthorne, like many Englishmen who live in India, drank too much Scotch whisky and Bass's ale, and ate too much curry and too many 'Bombay ducks;' the result being that at the age of fifty-five his liver declined to bear the strain put upon it, and collapsed, leaving its owner so weak and ill, that he had barely time ere he died to telegraph to his partners in England a brief notice of his impending fate.

This alarming despatch arrived at a particularly inopportune moment.

Mr. Thomas Bilbury had on the day previous married a very charming young lady, Lydia Lapples by name; and the intelligence of his uncle's sad condition necessitated that the newly made husband—who, by the way' had only become acquainted with his bride about six weeks before marriage—should without a moment's delay take the train for Dover, cross to Calais, and thence go by the quickest route to Calcutta. The affair was pressing.

Mr. Blackthorne's death would certainly throw the business into confusion, and any hesitation on the part of the English partners might imperil the future of the firm.

"Go at once, my dear boy," wrote Mr. Joseph Bilbury to his son, who was in the Isle of Wight, "and send your wife to me.

"I will take care of her, and see her settled in your new home at Richmond.

"I would go myself, but my gout won't allow me.

"And above all things, take care of your liver."

There was no help for it.

Mr. Bilbury, junior, felt that he must go; so go he did, putting the best face on the matter, and bidding a very long and tender good-bye to his poor little wife.

He escorted her across Portsmouth, put her into a London train, kissed her, saw her off, and then took the next train for Dover.

She settled down in her new home on Richmond Hill: and he for many months afterwards worked hard at his desk in Calcutta, arranging the worldly affairs of his dead uncle, and from time to time sending home reports of his progress, and love-letters to Lydia.

Two years, in fact, elapsed ere he was able to return to England; and then he returned, as he had gone out, at a moment's notice.

Unforeseen circumstances suddenly left him free; and, unwilling to lose a day, he took the first homeward bound steamer, which, as it happened, was also taking to Richmond a letter, written a few days before, in which Mr. Bilbury, among other matters, regretted to his wife that the pressure of business would not leave him at liberty for at least a month.

He traveled home without adventure, landed in due course at Dover, arrived in London late at night, and, without having written a word of warning to Lydia, hurried on next morning to Richmond Hill.

Why he did not write or telegraph, we cannot say; perhaps he thought his sudden appearance would agreeably surprise his wife; or perhaps he was too excited to be able to think at all.

But in any case, he neither wrote nor telegraphed a word of preparation.

It was a fine sunny morning in summer; Mr. Thomas Bilbury had scarcely seen his new home, which he had taken in a hurry immediately before his wedding; and he was walking eagerly up the short carriage-drive leading to the house, when, happening to cast his gaze towards the upper windows, he caught sight of a fair, white-draped figure, which was watering some flowering-plants that stood in a row on the sill.

He at once recognized the figure as that of his wife, and was about to utter a cry of salutation, when he suddenly became conscious that she did not recognize him; for, with graceful modesty, she withdrew from the window and disappeared as soon as she became conscious that he was watching her.

An idea struck him.

It was a foolish, but not wholly unnatural one.

He would pretend to be someone else—a friend, say, of her husband's, and would ask to see her as such.

Of course she would at once recognize his voice; but then the surprise, and the consequent pleasure, would be the more complete if he thus deferred them.

He knocked, therefore, at the door; and to the servant who appeared, announced that he had just returned from India and desired to see Mrs. Bilbury.

He gave no name; but he was admitted, and shown into the drawing-room, where, in some perturbation of mind, he awaited the advent of the wife from whom he had been so long and so cruelly separated.

"I suppose that she will know me,' he reflected, as he stood with his back to the window; 'but it is true that I have grown a tolerably big beard since I went away, and that I have become considerably tanned. However, the beard ought to make no great difference.

"I suppose that she would know me if she saw me in my shirt-sleeves, or with both legs cut off at the knees.

"On the other hand, she thinks that I am still in Calcutta, for she must have had my last letter this morning.

"I hope my sudden appearance won't upset her. I must be careful."

Here his thoughts were switched aside by the unmistakable sound of rustling skirts in the passage without; and as the door opened, he involuntarily turned and gazed into the garden, at the same time coughing nervously.

"May I offer you a chair? I am afraid that you find the open window too much for you," said a soft voice behind him.

"Oh no; not at all!" he returned, facing his wife for an instant, and then hastily resuming his survey of the garden.

Mrs. Bilbury did not in the least recognize her husband.

"Do let me order a fire to be lighted," she urged.

"Oh no; not for worlds!" ejaculated Tom, as he turned slowly round, conscious at last that even his nervousness was no excuse for his rudeness.

"But the fact is, Mrs.——"

"My name is Mrs. Bilbury!"

"Oh! Thank you—yes!

"The fact is, Mrs. Bilbury, that I am not yet entirely reconciled to this abominable English climate.

"I—ah—that is to say, a man who has existed in groves of mango—ah—and has lived on curry and chutnee—ah—with the thermometer standing doggedly at a hundred and two in the shade, is—ah; but I daresay you understand."

"Oh, perfectly, Mr. —— I think I have not the pleasure of knowing your name"

"Who am I?" thought Mr. Thomas Bilbury.

"My name," he said, after a slight pause, "is Tilbury."

"What a curious similarity!" said his wife.

"Yes; I can readily believe that people coming home from India find this climate very trying at first, even in summer.

"My husband writes that the heat in Calcutta has been excessive.

"Possibly, Mr. Tilbury, you may have called to give me some news of him? I hope so.

"I thought that his last letter was not written in very good spirits."

"That is satisfactory," thought Mr. Bilbury.

"The lapse of two years has not altered her love for me."

"Yes," he said aloud; "I can give you some news of him, for, a month ago, I was at Calcutta."

"Indeed? How delightful!—Do sit down, Mr. Tilbury.

"It is very pleasant to meet any one who has seen my husband so recently; for I gather from what you say that you have seen him.

"How was he?"

Mr. Bilbury was by this time much exercised in his mind as to what to say next.

On the one hand, he was afraid to declare himself, for fear of frightening his wife; on the other, he rather enjoyed the situation. He therefore determined, for the present, to retain his incognito

"He was," he said with deliberate hesitation, "as well as could be expected."

"As well as could be expected?" repeated Mrs. Bilbury with alarm.

"Do you mean that he has been ill?"

"Well, not exactly ill," prevaricated Tom, who had not yet quite made up his mind as to what he should say.

"But I do not understand you. Tell me, please.

"What has happened to him?"

Mr. Bilbury wondered what the end would be.

He heartily wished that his wife would recognize him and settle the difficulty by throwing her arms round his neck.

"Nothing very serious," he said.

"I daresay he has told you that he has become very fond of tiger-shooting?"

"Ah, tigers! Tell me, Mr. Tilbury, tell me!"

"Well, he went out tiger-shooting one day as usual—ah—he was accompanied only by his servant.

"They entered the jungle! Suddenly, and without warning, a huge female tiger sprang upon your husband and bore him to the earth.

"The native fled for assistance; help arrived; and the victim was found faint from loss of blood, with his right arm torn out at the socket, his left eye destroyed, and the calf of his left leg—ah—deeply scored by the cruel claws of the ferocious monster."

"Dear me, how alarming!" commented Mrs. Bilbury; and the exclamations seemed so out of proportion to the gravity of the story, that Mr. Bilbury felt seriously disappointed.

"That fully accounts," continued Lydia, "for his bad spirits.

"His right arm——"

"Yes; torn out at the socket, Mrs. Bilbury.

"He has learned to write with his left hand."

"Ah! dreadful.

"And his left eye destroyed?"

"Yes; he wears a glass eye, poor fellow!"

"It must be agony.

"And the calf of his leg deeply scored by the cruel claws of the ferocious monster! Terrible misfortune!

"And when you left him, Mr. Tilbury, how was he? Will he survive?"

A new light seemed to break upon Mr. Bilbury.

Did his wife want him to survive? He felt by no means sure of it.

"It is impossible to say with certainty," he said; "but you must hope for the best. Let me beg of you, my dear Mrs. Bilbury, to keep up your spirits."

"Oh, Mr. Tilbury, I don't see why I should be miserable.

"There is very pleasant society down here at Richmond: and, you know, there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it."

Tom's worst suspicions were by this time more than confirmed.

"The heartless woman!" he thought.

"This is how she receives the news of my being mangled and disfigured."

But still, unwilling to give up hope, he continued aloud:

"Poor fellow! I assure you that in his delirium your name was very often on his lips."

"Indeed! Then he had not quite forgotten me."

"Forgotten you?" repeated Tom, his feelings for an instant getting the better of him.

"Oh no! I think that it is the lot of but few women to have a husband so utterly devoted to her."

"And of but few men to have a wife——"

"So charming," said Mr. Bilbury, finishing the sentence.

"Oh, Mr. Tilbury!—But excuse me.

"Of course you will stay to luncheon. Do; to please me! You know that a woman hates solitude little less than small-pox.—One moment. I will just go and give the necessary orders."

And Mrs. Bilbury rose and quitted the room.

"Well, this is awful!" reflected her husband as soon as he was left alone.

"She doesn't recognize me; and apparently she doesn't seem to care for me much. She remind me that there as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it.

"That, I suppose, means that if I would only disand liberate her, she would promptly marry some one else.

"A nice instance of the faithlessness of women! Perhaps I should do well to leave her at once, and never let her know the truth; but I can't do that.

"I love her still; indeed, I'm afraid I love her more than I ever did. No; I will see this affair to the end. If she is unfaithful, I will find her out, and then——"

His meditations were cut short by the return of his wife, who informed him that she had ordered some luncheon, and that he must meanwhile do his best to amuse her, as there was no one else in the house except the servants.

This style of conversation made Tom more and more reckless; and at once he launched out into an account of an imaginary moonlight picnic at Aden, where—so he let it appear—he had broken the hearts of several charming girls, and upon the whole had behaved in a highly reprehensible manner.

"It must have been very delightful," said Mrs. Bilbury.

"I wish I had been there! Sometimes we have very pleasant evenings here.

"Of course, I know every one in the neighborhood; and, being a married woman, I ask whom I like to my house.

"You must come one night, Mr. Tilbury; and sup with us afterwards."

By this time Tom was perfectly frantic. "I'm afraid I shan't be here for long," he said bitterly.

"I am going abroad. I cannot rest anywhere."

"You are worried, I see," said Mrs. Bilbury. "I can sympathize with you."

"Yes, family matters and disappointments, you know."

"Disappointments! But you are young; and, if you will excuse me not bad looking. Perhaps you have merely lost your heart to one of the young ladies at Aden."

"Oh no," he replied.

"And, to tell the truth, I am doubtful whether any woman would be worth worrying about."

"Don't be cynical," said Mrs. Bilbury with a smile.

"Perhaps you expect too much from women."

"I expect sympathy, fidelity, and consideration," answered Mr. Bilbury gravely.

"But, let me ask you, do you yourself indulge in those virtues? Ah! men are very inconsistent, I fear.

"However, I hope you do not believe that women are bad as a rule."

"Well, I know to my cost that some are bad.

"Yes; some even betray their husbands."

"And in such cases I'm afraid that the husbands are also to blame."

"I don't think so," said Tom curtly.

"But you are worrying yourself, I see, although you try to affect indifference.

"What is it?"

"Worrying myself?"

"Not a bit!" cried Mr. Bilbury.

"I am glad to hear you say so," returned his wife.

"I don't worry myself. Cosy suppers and——"

"But the probable death of your husband!" interjaculated Mr. Bilbury.

"Oh, I am philosophical.

"We only lived together two days; we only know each other for a few weeks.

"What am I to him? What is he to me? Life is still before me."

"That is rather plain speaking," thought Tom.

"I wonder whether she would like to get up a flirtation with me.

"I will draw her on a little."

"Ah!" he said aloud, "you have happiness within your grasp, and you can make another happy.

"It is not every man who is so fortunate as to meet with a woman like you.

"Now, I confess that I have been unfortunate in my experience.

"But if I thought that I might hope for your sympathy——"

"Surely, Mr. Tilbury; it would be unwomanly of me to refuse it."

Tom drew his chair nearer to that of his wife, and continued: "Oh, if I might hope for your sympathy, and look for your regard and pity, my dear Mrs. Bilbury, life, I assure you, would soon assume a new complexion to my eyes.

"Let us be plain.

"Can you not make me happy, and bestow your sympathy, your love, and your pity upon one who will value such gifts at their true worth?"

Mrs. Bilbury, evidently agitated, rose.

"Really," she exclaimed, "I was not prepared for all this.

"I feel the need of love, love such as yours; but——" And she buried her face in her hands.

"This," thought Mr. Bilbury to himself, "is my faithful and devoted wife!" yet he was unable to refrain from seating himself beside Lydia and putting his arm round her waist.

"Dear Mrs. Bilbury," he said, "I love you! Do you, can you love me?"

She gave a scarcely perceptible gesture of assent; and Tom, now thoroughly convinced of his wife's untrustworthiness, sprang up and confronted her.

"Mrs. Bilbury," he said, "what would your husband say to this? You have disgraced him!

She looked up and held out her hands imploringly.

"You are a vicious woman!" he continued unrelentingly.

"Then why, just now, did you ask for my love?" she demanded.

"Because I wanted to assure myself that you were as vicious and worthless as I now know you to be.

"As for loving you—I despise you! Ah! if you were only a good woman!"

And he approached her and took her by the hand.

For an instant he stood thus; then he raised the hand and kissed it; and finally he kissed his wife on the cheek.

"Are you going, Mr. Tilbury?" she asked.

"Yes; I had better go; it is for the best. We could not be happy. Good-bye!"

He kissed her again, and then moved slowly away to the door, where he stood, painfully regarding her.

"Good-bye!" she echoed.—But," she continued in another voice, "Tom!"

"Tom!" repeated Mr. Bilbury, starting and coloring.

"Who told you my name was Tom?"

"You did, you foolish fellow, about two years ago."

"And you knew me, Lydia?" he cried, as he quickly returned to her.

"You have known me all along?"

"No.

"I did not know you until you told me that tremendous story about the tiger.

"There was no mistaking you, then?"

By this time Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bilbury were embracing each other so affectionately that the conversation was rendered very fragmentary and disjointed.

It is therefore almost impossible to chronicle what they said; but it is certain that they forgave each other, and it is a matter of notoriety that there has since been no happier couple on Richmond Hill.

Sweethearts.

BY JOHN FROST.

SARAH BLAKE was neither very young nor very beautiful.

But her father owned the best and biggest farm in Horley; and being an only child, she was accounted an eligible match in thrifty circles.

Dick Sanders and Ted Brant were rival suitors for her hand.

She had but to say the word which she'd have; but it was just that that made her hesitate.

Such delays are always dangerous.

Whilst Sarah wavered, uncertain which to hold and which to let go, both at once her captives slipped the leash.

They might have pleaded that they had done no worse than others.

For, when Jenny Allen's father came with his beautiful daughter to dwell in Horley, there was a general flocking of the swains about the shrine of the new idol, and Ted and Dick only followed the rest.

Jenny Allen was civil and polite to all, without showing a preference to any.

Dick Sanders and Ted Brant were foremost among her admirers.

Indeed, the others stood a good deal in awe of them, and hung back; for they were a pair of churlish brawny chaps, little inclined to brook competition.

Will Harvey came from town to spend his summer vacation at an aunt's in Horley.

One day while sauntering, rod in hand, along the charming little river, Will came

on something that drove fishing completely out of his head.

On a mossy bank sat a young girl deep in the pages of a book.

Her profile presented a contour so perfect that it would have defied the sculptor's art to reproduce it.

The shower of glossy ringlets which fell upon the matchless neck and shoulders stole a new tinge from every shifting glimmer of light.

Will Harvey would have gladly remained a silent spectator of a sight so lovely, but felt he had no right to do so.

Advancing in a manner to attract the girl's attention, he raised his hat and asked some commonplace questions about certain localities in the neighborhood.

These answered, in a voice so rich and musical that every tone made his heart flutter, he found more things to ask about, till, by degrees, a conversation sprung up which lasted till the young lady, suddenly remembering how long it had continued, with a blush, caught up her gipsy hat, bade him a pleasant good-day, and tripped away lightly.

Thus began the acquaintance of Will Harvey and Jenny Allen.

But it was not likely to end there.

For if Will's first stolen glimpse of Jenny settled her title, in his eyes, to be called the loveliest creature in the world, it is quite as certain that her first impressions of the stranger were hardly less exalted.

A formal introduction followed, and in a little time Will and Jenny were so constantly together that the rural gossips began to talk of their engagement as a thing quite settled.

This was wormwood to Dick Sanders and Ted Brant.

They began to look askance at Will Harvey, and were only restrained from picking an open quarrel with him by reflecting that he was a trim-built wiry fellow, who mightn't be so easily handled, to say nothing of the plucky look there was in his keen dark eyes.

One day, Dick, at a turn of a lane down which he was strolling, sulking as usual over his bad fortune, was met by Sarah Blake.

Dick felt awkward and very much confused.

Sarah had a valorous tongue, and he had no ground to expect mercy.

To his surprise, however, she had met his clumsy greeting graciously, for the time disposed, apparent to forget past grievances.

"Here news," she said—"news you'd give a deal to know."

"What is it, Sally?" he asked, coaxingly.

"Oh, never mind!"

"Come, Sally, for old acquaintance sake?"

Was it a smile or a scowl she gave him then?

Dick wasn't sure, and was beginning to tremble again, when Sarah resumed her gracious mien.

"Well, seeing it's you," she said, "I don't mind telling.

"Jenny Allen is going to elope with Will Harvey to-night.

"He's to be at her father's back garden gate at twelve o'clock, his face covered with a black mask.

"When he gives a low whistle, thrice repeated, she's to come out, and then they'll flit together.

"Here are the details in a note in her own hand, which I picked up after seeing it drop from Will Harvey's pocket as he cantered down the road half an hour since.

"Read for yourself."

Dick ground his teeth as his eyes ran over the lines which confirmed Sarah's words.

"What are you going to do?" she asked, with a provoking coolness that roused Dick's fury.

"Do?" he growled.

"I'll pommel the villain, if I could only lay hands on him!"

"I can put you on a better plan."

"What is it?"

"Disguise yourself as the letter indicates.

"Be on the spot a little before the time.

"Give the concerted signal, and when the lady comes, flit with her yourself.

"Ten to one, when she sees the trap she's in, she'll marry you to avoid exposure.

"At any rate, you'll earn her father's gratitude by thwarting Harvey."

It lacked a quarter to twelve when Dick Sanders, his face masked, stole up to Mr. Allen's garden gate.

At the same moment a man similarly disguised approached by another path.

For an instant the pair confronted each other.

They both sprang forward, striking out with might and main.

Blows rained thick and fast.

They scuffled until they rolled apart from sheer exhaustion, and lay glaring at each other in helpless rage.

Both their masks were torn to tatters.

"Tom Brant!" panted the one suddenly.

"Dick Sanders!" gasped the other.

"I thought it was that rascal Harvey!" replied Dick.

"So did I!" rejoined Ted.

A brief comparison of notes disclosed that Sarah Blake, after her interview with Dick, had had a similar one with Ted, the result being as above narrated—a desperate encounter, in which each thought he was pommelling away at Will Harvey.

The letter, we need hardly say, was Sarah's own production.

Before Dick and Ted were presentable again, Will Harvey and Jenny Allen were happily married, with the full consent of the latter's father, who, indeed, had never opposed the match.

Sarah is still a maiden.

All a Mistake.

BY J. E. T.

IT was Christmas Day, and a grand party was taking place at Burton House.

Among the guests were Mr. Chandler, brother to the hostess, his three daughters, Grace, Clara, and Lucy, and his ward, Catherine Willard.

In a young man named Adrian Holmes, who was also a guest, Catherine had an ardent lover.

The maiden returned his love with affection equally as ardent.

Adrian was not very rich, and he feared to ask Catherine's guardian to consent to their union because he felt sure he would refuse.

He had often asked the young girl to marry him clandestinely, but she had always declined.

Seizing the first opportunity on this Christmas Day he once more begged her to do so—begged her so earnestly that she was forced at last to give a reluctant consent.

It was arranged between them that that evening they should be privately married at the little church on the Burton estate.

When darkness had fallen Catherine steadily left the mansion, and repaired to the spot her lover had named as their meeting place.

He was not there, but presently she saw a man coming up the road.

It being very dark she could not clearly distinguish him, and thinking it was Adrian, she took his arm, and went towards the church with him.

She addressed him once or twice, but he made no answer.

Of this, however, she took no heed.

The church was soon reached.

In a few minutes the two had been made man and wife.

Since entering the church Kate had not once raised her eyes to her companion's face.

She had been as one in a dream, uttering the responses hardly knowing that she did so.

And when she signed her name in the register, she did not look at the signature her companion had placed there.

She and the man to whom she had been bound left the church as another couple from the village entered it.

As they passed this couple in the porch Catherine's companion bent his head as though to speak to her.

But ere he could utter a word Kate gave a little cry, and tearing herself from him, rushed away.

She had inhaled his breath.

Its odor had told her that he had been imbibing deeply of wine, or something even stronger.

Years ago Adrian Holmes had vowed to his dying mother that not a drop of intoxicating liquor should ever pass his lips.

Hitherto he had kept that vow, and to think that he should have broken it at length, and upon such a night, both grieved Kate and made her extremely indignant.

Catherine soon reached Burton House, and entered the mansion unobserved.

When she again appeared among the guests she was extremely surprised to be informed that Adrian Holmes, just after he had left the dinner-table, had been given a letter from his aunt in the city, stating that her son had been killed in a railway accident, and that the news had thrown his father into an apoplectic fit, from which he had never recovered, and requesting Adrian to go to her immediately, which the young man had done.

A strange fear crept over Kate.

Whom had she married?

Suddenly, in the midst of the festivity, the discovery was made that the little church on the estate was in flames.

Nearly everyone at once hastened thither to view the conflagration.

How the fire originated no one could say.

It was after the lights had been extinguished, and the church locked up, that the flames had burst forth.

A few days later, Mr. Chandler returned to his residence with his daughters and ward.

One day, early in the new year, an old gentleman called upon Mr. Chandler and enquired if he had a young lady living with him named Catherine Willard.

In response to that gentleman's affirmative answer, he stated that he was Kate's grandfather.

His only daughter, he said, had fallen in love with an artist named Thomas Willard, a fast man about thirty years of age.

He had told the latter that the difference between their ages, and the life he led, must preclude the possibility of his ever thinking to win her.

Willard gave his word of honor that he would never seek her society again.

A month later, a letter was sent him—the speaker—from the school where he had placed his daughter, stating that she had eloped with Willard.

A year passed, and then one day he read a notice of her death.

He had one child left—a son, who grew up to manhood, but was seized with decline.

He had learned that his sister had left a child behind her, and six months ago—just before he died—he made his father promise to find it.

Enquiry traced the child to Mr. Chandler, and he had come to take her away; and Kate went to reside with her grandfather, who was very wealthy, much to the regret of Mr. Chandler and her three foster-sisters.

When Adrian Holmes arrived at his aunt's, he found that half of the deceased Mr. Holmes's fortune had been left to himself, and the other half to Mrs. Holmes.

The latter was the second wife of the deceased gentleman.

She was not the mother of the youth who had been killed.

She had, however, a daughter of her own, a most superb creature.

Mr. Holmes had been the head of a large and highly successful firm.

With only the money that had been left him Adrian could not keep up this firm, but with that left to Mrs. Holmes, combined with his own, he could.

In order that the firm should continue to stand Mrs. Holmes proposed that he should marry her daughter.

To this he consented, writing Catherine Willard a letter telling her of this, and a few weeks later he and Dora Holmes were made man and wife.

One day in early spring Catherine Willard was strolling through the grounds attached to her grandfather's mansion, when she was suddenly confronted by a repulsive-looking individual, who informed her that he was her husband.

He it was, he said, whom she had married on the evening of Christmas Day.

Feeling sure that the register had been destroyed in the burning of the church, and all proof of her marriage thus lost, Kate laughed scornfully, and defied him to prove that she was his wife.

He instantly drew forth from one of his pockets a sheet of paper, and Kate saw to her horror that it was the sheet of the register on which she and the man whom she had supposed to be Adrian Holmes had signed their names.

He told her that when the church had been locked up after their marriage, he had pried open one of the windows, entered the sacred edifice, and torn the leaf out of the register.

He said it was probably through the matches he had struck to give him light that the church had caught fire.

The fellow, whose name was Justin Darley, threatened to make it known that Kate had married him unless she gave him three hundred dollars.

Kate asked him how much he would take for the leaf of the register.

He replied that he would not sell it.

Rather than undergo the disgrace of being looked upon as the wife of such a man, Kate consented to give him the sum he demanded.

She had not the amount with her, and he gave her till Monday to bring it him.

When Monday came, she, having managed to obtain some money, repaired to the spot where he had had the previous interview with her, and which he had appointed to be the place of their next.

He was already there and she gave him the money.

Justin Darley was the bane of Catherine Willard's existence.

No matter where she went she was followed by him.

He hovered about her like a vulture hovering over a dying man.

Every few weeks he would demand money of her, and she was compelled somehow or other to scrape together the sum he asked.

How bitterly she regretted the miserable mistake she had made on that Christmas Day!

With what despair she looked forward into the future!

She saw nothing but misery before her.

Nothing but the death of Justin Darley would restore happiness to her.

While he lived he would ever be asking her for money, and she would have to give him it or be disgraced, for that he would make it known that she had married him if she failed to satisfy his demands she felt certain.

She shuddered as she thought of this.

It had been a difficult task for her to get together the money she had already given him.

How she was to obtain more she knew not.

Mr. Sumner and his grand-daughter with the Chandlers had paid a visit to France, and Kate was one evening walking alone along the beach of the little watering-place where they were staying, when she suddenly found herself face to face with her persecutor, Justin Darley.

"I want some more money," he said laconically.

"Then you will have to continue to want," retorted Kate with flushed face and glowing eyes.

"Indeed," he sneered.

"Perhaps it'll make no difference to you if I let the world, and your worthy grandfather in particular, know that you are the wife of Justin Darley."

Kate was silent, but the red died out of her cheeks, leaving them very pale.

"I want fifty pounds, an' you'd better let me have 'em," said the villain roughly.

"I haven't the money," said Kate.

"Raise it then."

"I cannot."

"Don't tell me.

"You've raised it afore an' you can raise it agin.

"I'll give you three days to get it, an' if ——"

He was interrupted by some one seizing him by the collar from behind, and hurling him to the ground.

"Lie there, cur!" exclaimed a tall and handsome young gentleman.

"This is the second time during the past fortnight that I have observed you annoying this lady."

Then turning to Kate, he begged the honor of escorting her to the hotel at which she and her party had put up, and she consented.

Kate's most strenuous efforts to "raise" the money Justin Darley had demanded, met with failure, and her feelings when the morning of the third day came, can easily be imagined.

She was glancing over a newspaper during breakfast when her eyes alighted on a paragraph which made her heart bound with joy.

It told her of the accidental death by drowning of Justin Darley the day before.

"My term of misery has at last expired," she cried exultingly to herself.

Since the commencement of her persecution by Justin Darley, Kate had gradually become a sad, melancholy-looking girl, but now another change took place, and ere long she was the same merry laughing Kate that she had been before that memorable Christmas.

The young gentleman who had chastised Justin Darley on the beach, frequently visited Kate.

The result of these visits was that an intimacy sprang up between the two, which soon ripened into a deep and ardent love.

All the affection she had once given Adrian Holmes, Kate now bestowed upon Henry Vere.

When the autumn was drawing to a close, Kate, with her grandfather and the Chandlers, returned to their own country, Henry Vere accompanying them.

Kate and Vere were married on Christmas Day.

The newly-wedded pair went to reside near Adrian Holmes and his wife.

The two couples often saw each other, and sometimes visited.

Adrian half wished that he had not been false to Kate.

His own wife was very beautiful—more lovely than Henry Vere's, perhaps—but she did not possess nearly so many womanly qualities as Kate, and he secretly regretted that he not married the latter.

But regrets were useless.

He had been false to Catherine Willard.

He had married another, and Catherine could not, even if she would, become his wife.

SHADE-TREES.—Professor Goret, of the University of Geneva, points out that the functions of trees in streets are not limited to acting as screens for sun-shunning wayfarers—they temper the heat and serve as a protection against dust; the evaporation from their leaves tends to keep the surrounding air cool and moist, and, as one of best means of refreshing the air of a sick room is to place in it plants and branches, and sprinkle them with water, a like effect is produced by trees. Sunlight is necessary to health; but trees, if not too thickly planted, do not intercept sunlight—the continual vibration of their leaves and swaying of their branches admitting the light every instant and in sufficient measure, serving, moreover, to protect the eyes from the noonday glare. So far from trees impeding the circulation of air, they help to purify it: the evaporation from their leaves determines a current from above, and the fresh air thus brought down assists in driving away the heated and dust-impregnated gases of the streets. Another useful property of foliage is that, while in hot, dry weather it moistens the surrounding atmosphere, thus rendering it fitter to breathe, this effect, which is due to evaporation ceases in wet weather.

A Second Emphatic Endorsement.

Mr. Wm. B. Mitchell, editor of the *Journal-Press*, St. Cloud, Minn., wrote to Mr. Wm. Penn Nixon, asking if a card with his signature, recommending Compound Oxygen, was genuine. Mr. Mitchell writes: "The following letter from Mr. Wm. Penn Nixon, the well-known editor of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, explains itself, and will be read with interest:"

"THE INTER-OCEAN, Chicago, Jan. 16, '83.

"Mr. W. B. Mitchell, St. Cloud, Minn.:

"DEAR SIR:—I am always happy to bear testimony to the great value of Compound Oxygen, as manufactured by Drs. Starkey & Palen, Philadelphia. I think it the most important remedy for throat and lung troubles that was ever discovered. I feel that it saved my life, and I am always glad to recommend it to those that are suffering from such troubles. The card was not only genuine, but I endorse the remedy now as fully as I did in the card.

"Very truly yours,
"WM. PENN NIXON."

Our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases, will be sent free. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philada.

On the Plains.

BY PERCY VERE.

IF you stand here and peer through the darkness you can see it all.

There is the wagon of a lone emigrant family, its cover weatherworn and rent to prove that the journey has been long and weary.

Ten feet away are the embers of the fire on which the evening meal was cooked.

Between the wagon and the fire is the rude bed of robes and blankets on which mother and children are sleeping.

On the other side of the vehicle stand the horses, munching at the short, sweet grass or listening to the far-off voice of the wolf.

That is the back-ground.

In the foreground a sentinel sits with his back to the solitary cotton wood.

At his right-hand runs a little brook—at his left is the boundless prairie o'er which night has spread her mantle.

Forty feet away are wife and children trusting in his vigilance.

Overhead gray-white clouds are driving across the star-lit heavens, and the moan of the wind has an uneasy, nervous sound.

Away out on the prairie the wolf gallops from knoll to knoll and snuffs the air, and the coyote gnaws at the bleached bones of the buffalo and utters his short, sharp cries of hunger.

Is there danger?

All day long as the tired horses pulled the wagon at a slow pace, the emigrant has carefully scanned the circle about him, but without cause for uneasiness. He knows he is in the Indian country and for the last twenty-four hours his nerves have been braced to hear their dreaded war-whoop and to catch sight of a band riding down upon him.

It is midnight as we find him.

His ear has been as keen as a fox's and his eye has not rested for a moment.

The stakes are human lives—his life with the rest.

The odds are ten to one against him.

"Ah! if we were back at the old home in Ohio!

"You remember the old farm house hidden away among the cherry and pear trees!

"There is the highway, lined with dusty May weeds.

"Half a mile below is the quaint little school-house where the children learned A, B, C.

"Half a mile above is the bridge across the ——"

The sentinel rouses up and rubs his eyes.

It was the creek talking to him.

As he listened to its monotonous babble it suddenly began to converse in plain tongue.

For a moment he is thrilled and alarmed.

He looks keenly about, and he listens with bated breath.

There are the same sounds—the wail of the coyote—the munching of the horses—the babbling of the brook—now and then a half groan from one of the children sleeping an uneasy sleep. And now the brook talks again!

"There was the big brown barn full of sweet-smelling hay—the pasture lot with its cows—the pond in which the bare-legged children used to wade—the orchard with its burden of fruit.

"Don't you remember how you used to sit on the stoop at evening-time and smoke your pipe and watch the children at play on the grass?

"How peaceful everything was!

"There was drowsy feeling in the summer air—the lazy hum of insects—the low songs of the good wife as she rocked baby to sleep—why, you sometimes fell asleep and let your pipe drop from——"

The brook babbled and the man slept.

Aye! the sentinel who had five lives in his keeping slept and dreamed, and in his dreams wandered back to the home and heard the old familiar sounds.

Sh!

It was a rustle in the grass!

Turn to the left a little more.

There it is!

Thirty feet from the sleeping man a rattlesnake rears its head above the grass and looks around.

Its eyes gleam like stars.

The neck swells, the tongue flashes in and out, and it coils and uncoils itself as if in fierce combat.

It might creep up and bury its fangs in the flesh of the sleeping man, and it will.

It creeps again.

It glides through the grass like a gleam—now to the right—now to the left—now straight ahead.

"S-s-s-h!"

The serpent halts.

Twenty feet more and it could have struck the sleeper, but some movement of his has alarmed it, and it glides away for fifty feet, as fast as a shadow travels.

Now look beyond the snake!

It is a second serpent worming its way over the ground to surround the sleeper with peril!

Is it a wolf or panther creeping forward to make a victim?

Now you can see more clearly.

There is the scalp-locks and feathers—the dark face—the gleaming eyes—the shut teeth and bronzed throat of a Blackfoot warrior.

A courier from one branch of his tribe to another.

He has discovered the encampment, or coiled around it twice, and is now creeping upon the man, who sleeps instead of watches.

How softly he moves!

A panther stealing upon a listening doe would not exercise more care.

Almost inch by inch, and yet he is slowly approaching.

He was a hundred feet away.

Now he is ninety—eighty—seventy—sixty!

He can see a dark mass at the foot of the tree, and he knows that the sentinel must be asleep or he would not be in that position.

See the rattlesnake!

It has faced about.

If it was daylight you could see a fiercer gleam in its eye—a tightening of the cords and muscles—a fierce flash of the red tongue.

A straight line of sixty feet drawn from the Indian to the tree would pass over the snake.

Now the warrior creeps forward again—not a weed breaking—not a rustle to prove his presence.

Two feet—four—six!

See the snake!

Its head is thrown back—its eyes shoot sparks—there goes the deadly z-z-z-z-z of his rattle.

The head of the Indian is not three feet away as he hears the ominous sound.

He draws back, but there is a dart, a flash, and something strikes him full in the face and is not shaken off until he springs to his feet with a cry heard for half a mile round and rushes away in the darkness.

What was it!

The sentinel is wide awake and upon his feet.

Wife and children have been startled from slumber to grow white-faced and tremble.

Even the horses have raised their heads and are peering into the night.

There was a single cry—the wild scream of a human being terrified.

"It was nothing—nothing but the howl of a wolf!" whispers the sentinel, as he walks over to comfort wife and children; and by and by all is quiet and peaceful as before.

The night grows apace—the stars fade—daylight breaks.

As the sun comes up the wagon moves on its way and the brook and the camp and the cotton-wood are left behind.

"Yes, it was the howl of some wolf prowling about," whispers the emigrant to himself as he walks beside his wagon and cautiously scans the prairie.

Three hundred feet to the left is coiled a snake which darts its venomous tongue at the rolling wagon.

Half a mile beyond lies the dead body of the Blackfoot—swollen, distorted—a horrible sight under the light of the morning sun.

Overhead circle three or four vultures of the prairie, and creeping through the grass come the lank, hungry wolves to the feast.

The wife laughs, the children frolic, the husband regains his light heart.

Night wrote the record of the serpents in the grass, and he will never read it.

THE MAIDEN AND THE TOAD.—Next to the mouse, the maiden dreads most the hop-toad.

She will move further out of the way for a hop-toad than for any other animal, including man, except the mouse.

She does not fear the hop-toad for the same reason that she fears the mouse. The hop-toad is not likely to undertake the same explorations that the mouse sometimes indulges in.

There is no immediate need of mounting a chair when a hop-toad appears half a mile up the road.

The maiden dreads stepping on a hop-toad!

The sensation sends a series of small-sized chills up and down the maiden's frame.

The sensation is invariably followed by a scream.

It is the fear of undergoing that peculiar feeling that comes when the foot crushes the toad that causes the maiden's antipathy to the hop-toad. The very sight of the toad changes the maiden's smile into a look of horror.

She will stop clinging to her lover's arm in the gloaming and run a race with time across the street at the appearance of a hop-toad.

A maiden will perceive a hop-toad sooner than a small dog will perceive it. Somehow or other, the very presence of a hop-toad in the same village will be known to the maiden.

She scents the hop-toad's existence as the warrior is said to scent the smoke of battle, from afar.

It is at night that the maiden most dreads the hop-toad.

She cannot see so clearly then, and is apt to tread on a toad, and that is agony. Therefore she walks very cautiously, treading lightly and touching the pavement daintily before planting her feet squarely.

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New Publications.

Those who are fond of Mrs. Forrester's stories, and they are many, will be well pleased with "June" one of her latest. The book takes its title from the heroine who is as fresh, sunny and rosy as her namesake. The characters are few, and conventional, as the plot is of love, lovely, their fa[illegible] passes unnoticed. Mrs. Forrester [illegible] in sentiment and description and in "June" she is at her best. Paper backs. Price 25 cents. Lippincott & Co., Publishers.

"Banned and Blessed," by Mrs. A. L. Wister after the German of E. Werner is a good specimen of the modern German novel. There is a heavy gloom of mystery hanging over both places and persons, and exciting incidents sufficient to warm the most phlegmatic into interest. There is considerable excellence in the way of description, the chapter "And the Floods Came" a sketch of a river inundation being particularly grand. The ban which is brought by wrong and crime is eventually transformed into a blessing thro' love's agency. How this becomes so is told in so good and entertaining a way, that we must be content with suggesting that our readers get the book and see for themselves. Lippincott & Co., Publishers. Price $1,50.

"Waverly," Just published is the fourth [illegible] of their new and cheap edition of "The Waverly Novels," by Sir Walter Scott, which will be complete in twenty-six weekly volumes, each volume being a novel complete in itself, and one volume will be issued every Saturday until the whole are published. Each book will make a large octavo volume, uniform with "Waverly," "Guy Mannering," "Ivanhoe" and "The Bride of Lammermoor," already issued, have on it an illustrated cover, and will be sold at the low price of fifteen cents a volume, or three dollars will pay for the full and complete set of twenty-six volumes, and copies of any of the novels, or complete sets of the edition will be sent to any one, post-paid, at these rates. T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia, Publishers.

"Plutarch" is another of the holiday books just published. A more suitable book for presentation to a boy or girl fond of reading, it would be difficult to select. This edition of the famous old author, however, does not confine its usefulness to the young; older folks will also find it pleasant and entertaining reading. Rosalie Kaufman, the editor, has taken 'The Lives of Plutarch, as usually published, and so condensed, simplified and beautified, while retaining all the points of the original, that they read like something entirely new. It is not everyone who knows the value of reading "Plutarch," particularly when young, but all should know it. His lives of the ancient Greek and Roman Kings, philosophers, statesmen and other great men, are essential to a knowledge of those times and also to a complete course of reading. They are not dry history, but lively sketches giving many personal details, peculiarities, etc., otherwise unobtainable. We think this book fills a long felt want. Lippincott & Co., Publishers. Price $3 00

A book that should be, if possible, in the hands of every girl, young or old, is entitled "American Girls, a Home Book of Work and Play." This is emphatically what it is. From first to last it brims with information and instructions how to do a thousand things in which all real girls feel a deep interest, but who are often severely embarrassed from not knowing how to go about doing. This work will make all clear. It tells in [illegible] making Lace, Crochet Work, Knitting, Netting, Tatting, Embroidery, Darning, Cooking, Confectionery, Canning, Preserving, Pickling, Making Jellies, Canning Fruits, Making Preserves, Making Pickles, Making Catsups, Making Sauces, Making Jams, Making Marmalades, Making Confections, Making Candies, Making Ices, Making Cakes, Making Puddings, Making Pies, Making Tarts, Making Custards, Making Creams, Making Jellies, Making Blanc Mange, Making Charlotte Russe, Making Meringues, Making Omelettes, Making Soufflés, Making Fritters, Making Pancakes, Making Waffles, Making Muffins, Making Rolls, Making Biscuits, Making Bread, Making Yeast, Making Coffee, Making Tea, Making Chocolate, Making Cocoa, Making Lemonade, Making Punch, Making Wines, Making Liqueurs, Making Cordials, Making Syrups, Making Vinegar

Our Young Folks.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

THE sunshine never kissed a lovelier day nor blessed a fairer scene.

All the land, and the sky and the clouds were clad in the beauty of June.

The lanes were fringed with emerald; the round-eyed daisies peeped out from the billowy fields of grass, and dainter wild flowers of the woods nestled like gems in the velvet moss.

Down in the meadows the buttercups gleamed like buttons of gold.

Over the low hills the soft winds whispered to the leaves about other summers, and down through the shadowy woods the little brook laughed and sung and babbled like a child playing by itself.

Here and there a cottage nestled among the trees.

The distant calls of children came rippling across the fields.

The long road wound away, yellow and quiet, until it turned out of sight beyond the little church with its snowy walls and slender spire.

How quiet and peaceful all the world lay before the window of my prison that day in June!

Far away the note of the meadow lark come and was heard no more.

Now and then the whistle of the robin, at times the twitter of a blue bird.

It was such an afternoon as you would wish to endure forever.

White-winged peace smiled in the sunshine and sung with the zephyrs and the brook, and the far-away calls and scarcely-heard laughter of the children playing [illegible].

Its music is the crown of the day's beauty and tranquility.

Clear, mellow, distant, four or five notes of a bugle ring out over the low hills and come echoing down the forest aisles.

A hush in woodland and meadow follows it.

Again the ringing notes, softened by the distance, call through the sunlight.

There is an imperious accent of command in the clear cut tones, musical as they are.

Once more the bugle calls thrill through the beautiful May afternoon.

The meadow lark answers it and the robin whistles merrily back to its echoes.

How my heart leaped at the sound of the bugle call!

How my blood went surging through my veins like a tide of lava.

Out of my prison window I look with straining eyes.

In the fluttering leaves I see no glitter of the bayonets.

I listen, but down the road or across the meadow I cannot hear the rumble of a battery hurrying into position.

How silent it all is!

And yet not silent enough.

I wish the robin would hush his merry note.

It is mockery.

Does he know what he is singing about?

Does he know what the bugle sang, that he answers with such merry defiance?

And then, I want him to keep perfectly quiet.

I want the wind to hush, and the leaves to keep still, and the brook to stifle its babble and laughter.

I am listening for a footfall, the crackling of a twig, the muffled tramp of a column of men stealing through the woods under lonely cover.

I am listening for the neigh of a horse, the clatter of rythmic hoof beats, a ringing carbine shot.

Peering out of the window of the lonely cell, I am listening—ever since that first bugle call came winding over the hill I have been listening—for sterner music than the robin's note and the wood-brook's murmur.

"March!"

There it is at last.

I can see nothing from this window.

The voice comes like a far away echo of the bugle—a boyish voice softened into music by the day and the distance.

I picture to myself the fair-haired lieutenant who commands the skirmishers.

Ah! those days made men of boys; the school-boy fought beside the veteran, and the adjutant of 20 messed with the colonel of 40.

What [illegible] line ever come in my sight?

"Halt!"

[illegible], and once more the bugle [illegible].

Now I can hear the tramp of feet amid all the terrible hush of preparation.

All about me the tide of battle will sweep, save only where I can see it, and I—penned in this prison like a caged rat, with [illegible] bugle and shrieking shell calling me out, scenting my blood in the worst of burn and ring of fire again and I, here.

"March!"

Away off the tap of a drum, the flam, flam, flam, cadencing the step of the marching column.

Nearer it comes, and farther away it sweeps, faints into quiet at last.

Tramp, tramp, tramp.

Muffled, yet distinct, and stopping nearer with every footfall.

"[illegible]" shouts some one.

I hold my breath.

I press my hand on my heart and wait for the first shot from the skirmishers.

"[illegible]"

The crack of muskets, so close it seems in the very room where I am.

Oh!

If the robin would only hush his song.

I listen for the sound of the boyish voice again.

It seems to me, in my excited condition, there is a childish treble to it.

I wonder if—

"Fire!"

How the cheers, pealing up in waves of sound, drowned the crash I was listening for!

Again the boyish voice calls—

"Fire!" and again the shrill cheers follow.

They hush as the bugle notes come pealing down the line again.

I hear the wheels as a battery is hurried forward.

I hear a drum beat.

I hear the tramp of hurrying feet.

Some one is calling for "the flag."

Once I heard—so close the tide of battle swept to my prison—a sabre spring from its scabbard with an angry sweep.

And all this time I could see only the golden sunshine—only the fluttering leaves and the playing shadows lengthening into the waning day, and floating in at my window came the mellow whistle of the robin.

The cheers are fainter now, as the shadows grow longer.

The robin's note has ceased.

Mellow, clear, and beautifully imperious as ever, the bugle calls again.

A pall of silence falls upon the clamor and din of the battle.

I try the door of my prison.

It yields to my touch.

Down a stairway, with noiseless tread, I hasten.

I step through a curtained door.

I stand on the field where the waves of contention has thundered and dashed.

The level rays of the setting sun drift over the hapless creatures stretched about me like a blessing upon the dead.

At my feet the overturned cannon lies.

There are its shattered wheels.

Lying across the brazen muzzle, "his back to field and his feet to the foe," a stretched an artillery sergeant, still grasping the broken sabre in his nerveless hand.

Here is a prostrate group of infantry soldiers.

They will never stand upon their feet again.

Here is a trooper.

Headless he lies under the horse that with two legs torn away has fallen upon him.

A little drummer boy—how came such a child here, where the fierce maelstrom of war circled and eddied in fire and carnage and fury?—lies by his drum.

I bend above him, and in face and form there is nothing human left.

Red are the stains about it, and his broken little hands still and rigid on the edge of the shattered drum.

It is terrible.

Here, ghastly and horrible, lies a head, the blue cap with its scarlet and white pompon still resting jauntily over the brow.

But nowhere can I see the soldier's body.

Here is a sabre bent and twisted in the fury of hand to hand combat.

I walk among headless trunks, arms and legs without bodies; crippled horses lay prone on the sides, or standing wearily, and with dumb patience, upon three legs.

I tread carefully over and around the broken, shattered bodies of the fallen men.

Here is the flag, tattered and unfurled, just as it dropped from the hands of the sergeant; here an epaulet, glittering in crimson and gold.

Here is the gilded belt of a general; here, marred and bent and dented, lies the bugle whose silver voice called into play this wreck and carnage.

And here, away off on the edge of the field, away where just the spray of this angry wave of strife could have reached, my foot almost falls on a child lying prostrate, half turned on her face.

The dainty feet peep out of a cloud of silk and lace, the tangled hair of gold, a skein of sunshine, half hides the brow and cheek.

There is no sign of life in the beautiful face.

Killed by the terror and fear born of the battle.

I bent to lift the little form, and the arm upon which I thought the child was lying is gone.

A horrible gash reaches from the temple to the base of the brain, and the left eye is crushed in on its socket.

The child—the dear, sweet little girl; somebody's darling, fair sacrifice to the hideous Moloch of war, how could—

"Robbie!" I hear the voice of her little nurse maid high.

"Robbie!

"Come, now, and pick up your toys, dear.

"You've left your dollie and all your soldiers scattered about over the floor, so that your father can scarcely walk across the room.

"And somebody has stepped on poor Bessie's head.

"I'm afraid she will have to go to the surgical institute."

A patter of flying feet, and the blue-eyed commander of the troops, aged six, comes charging into the room, and resolving himself into an ambulance corps, collects the dead and wounded, with both [illegible] [illegible].

THE DEAD SECRET.

RIDE closer!

It is two miles ahead to the foot-hills—two miles of parched turf and rocky space.

To the right—the left—behind, is the rolling prairie.

This broad valley strikes the Sierra Nevadas and stops us if a wall had been built across it.

What is it on the grass?

A skull here—a rib there—bones scattered about as the wild beasts left them after the horrible feast.

The clean-picked skull grins and stares—every bone and scattered lock of hair has its story of a tragedy.

And what besides these relics?

More bones—not scattered, but lying in heaps—a vertebrae with ribs attached—a fleshless skull bleaching under the summer sun.

Wolves!

Yes.

Count the heaps of bones and you will find nearly a score.

Open boats are picked up at sea with neither life nor sign to betray their secret.

Skeletons are found upon the prairie, but they tell a plain story to those who halt beside them.

Let us listen:

Away off to the right you can see treetops.

Away off to the left you can see the same sight.

The skeleton is in line between the two points.

He left one grove to ride to the other.

To ride!

Certainly.

A mile away is the skeleton of a horse or mule.

The beast fell and was left there.

If he left the grove at noon he would have been within a mile of this spot at dusk.

It is therefore plain that he did not leave until mid-afternoon, or possibly at dusk.

Signs of Indians may have driven him from his trapping-ground, or maybap he had exhausted the game and was shifting to new fields.

It is months since that ride, and the trail had been obliterated.

Were it otherwise, and you took it up from the spot where the skeleton horse now lies, you would find the last three or four miles made at a tremendous pace.

Step! step! step!

What is it?

Darkness has gathered over mountain and prairie as the hunter jogs along over the broken ground.

Overhead the countless stars look down upon him—around him is the pall of night.

There was the patter of footsteps on the dry grass.

He halts and peers around him, but the darkness is too deep for him to discover any cause for alarm.

Patter! patter! patter!

There it is again!

It is not fifty yards from where he last halted.

The steps are too light for those of an Indian.

A grizzly would rush upon his victim with a roar of defiance and anger.

A panther would hurl himself through thirty feet of space with a scream to unnerve the hardiest hunter.

"Wolves!" whispers the hunter as a howl suddenly breaks upon his ear.

Wolves!

The gaunt, grizzly wolves of the foot-hills—thin, and poor, and hungry, and savage—the legs tireless—the mouth full of teeth which can crack the shoulder bone of a buffalo.

He can see their dark forms flitting from point to point—the patter of their feet on the parched grass proves that he is surrounded.

Now the race begins.

There is no shelter until the grove is reached.

Instinct guides the horse, and terror lashes him with such a whip as human hand never wielded.

Over space, through the gloom, almost as swift as an arrow sent by a strong hand, but a dark line follows.

A line of wolves spreads out to the right and left, and gallops after—tongues out—eyes flashing—great flakes of foam flying back to blotch stone and grass and leave a trail to be followed by the cowardly coyotes.

Men ride thus only when life is the stake.

A horse puts forth such speed only when terror follows close behind and causes every nerve to tighten like a wire drawn until the scratch of a finger makes it chord with a wail of despair.

A pigeon could not skim this valley with such swiftness, and yet the wings of fate are broad, and long and tireless.

The line is there — aye! it is gaining!

Inch by inch it creeps up, and the red eyes take on a more savage gleam as the hunter cries out to his horse and opens fire from his revolvers.

A wolf falls on the right—and a second on the left.

Does the wind cease blowing because it meets a forest?

The fall of one man in a mad mob simply increases the determination of the rest.

With a cry so full of the despair that wells up from the heart of the strong man when he gives up his struggle for life that the hunter almost believes that a companion rides beside him, the horse staggers—recovers—plunges forward—falls to the earth.

It was a glorious struggle, but he has lost.

The wings of the dark line oblique to the centre—there is a confused heap of snarling, fighting, maddened beasts, and the line rushes forward again.

Saddle, bridle and blanket are in shreds—the horse a skeleton.

And now the chase is after the hunter.

He has half a mile the start, and as he runs the veins stand out, the muscles tighten, and he wonders at his own speed.

Behind him are the gaunt bodies and the tireless legs.

Closer, closer, and now he is going to face fate as a brave man should.

He has halted.

In an instant a circle is formed about him—a circle of red eyes, foaming mouths and yellow fangs which are to meet in his flesh.

There is an interval — a breathing spell.

He looks up at the stars—out upon the night.

It is his last hour, but there is no quaking—no crying out to the night to send him aid.

As the wolves rest a flash blinds their eyes—a second, a third, and a fourth, and they give way before the man they looked upon as their certain prey.

But it is only for a moment.

He sees them gathering for the rush, and firing his remaining bullets among them he seizes his long rifle by the barrel and braces to meet the shock.

Even a savage would have admired the heroic fight he made for life.

He sounds the war-cry and whirls his weapon around him, and wolf after wolf [illegible].

He feels a strange exultation over the desperate combat, and as the pack gave way before his mighty blows a gleam of hope springs up in his heart.

It is only for a moment; then the circle narrows.

Each disabled beast is replaced by three which hunger for blood.

There is a rush—a swirl—and the cry of despair is drowned in the chorus of snarls as the pack fight over the feast.

* * * * * *

The gray of morning—the sunlight of noonday—the stars of evening will look down upon grinning skull and whitening bones, and the wolf will return to crunch them again.

Men will not bury them.

They will look down upon them as we look, read the story as we have read it, and ride away with the feeling that it is but another dark secret of the wonderful prairie.

POOR BOYS.—An exchange calls the following historical facts which should encourage every young man struggling under discouragements and poverty:

John Adams, second president, was the son of a farmer of very moderate means. The only start he had was a good education.

Andrew Jackson was born in a log hut in North Carolina, and was raised in the pine woods for which that State is famous.

James K. Polk spent the earlier years of his life helping to dig a living out of a farm in North Carolina. He was afterwards clerk in a country store.

James Buchanan was born in a small town among the Alleghany mountains. His father cut the logs and built his own house in what was then a wilderness.

Abraham Lincoln was the son of a very poor Kentucky farmer, and lived in a low cabin until he was twenty-one years of age.

Andrew Johnson was apprenticed to a tailor at the age of ten by his widowed mother. He was never able to attend school, and picked up all the education he ever got.

General Grant lived the life of a common boy in a common house on the banks of the Ohio river until he was seventeen years old.

James A. Garfield was born in a log cabin. He worked on a farm until he was strong enough to use carpenter tools, when he learned the trade. He afterwards worked on a canal.

KAHOKA, Mo., Feb. 9, 1880.

I purchased five bottle of your Hop Bitters of Bishop & Co. last fall, for my daughter, and am well pleased with the Bitters. They did her more good than all the medicine she has taken for six years.

WM. J. MCCLURE.

The above is from a very reliable farmer, whose daughter was in poor health for seven or eight years, and could obtain no relief until she used Hop Bitters. She is now in as good health as any person in the country. We have a large sale, and they are making remarkable cures.

W. H. BISHOP & CO.

NOT IN ANGER!

BY J. H.

Not in anger! Not in anger!
To the friend who was so dear!
Love—when love is worth the having—
Lives alike 'neath smile or tear!
If thou hast been sorely wounded,
And thy bosom throb with pain,
Kindest words, if kindly spoken,
May revive the love again!

Not in anger! Not in anger!
Mar the blissful peace of home!
Loving words, which warn of danger,
Speak through all the years to come.
Watchful Memory clearly sounds them
Wheresoe'er the wanderer rove,
In his ears still vibrating
Far off tones of faithful love!

Not in anger! Not in anger!
Lest a tender heart thou change.
Love if oft not easy winning,
But too easy to estrange.
Love, although a hardy blossom,
Withers up 'neath fiery tones.
Oh! the angry tempests safely
Guard the nest of thy loved ones!

ABOUT COURTSHIP.

"MY friends," said an oratorical Quakeress, "there are three things I very much wonder at. The first is, that children should be so foolish as to throw up stones, clubs and brickbats into fruit-trees, to knock down fruit; if they would let it alone it would fall itself.

"The second is, that men should be so foolish, and even so wicked, as to go to war and kill each other; if let alone they would die of themselves.

"And the third and last thing I wonder at is, that young men should be so unwise as to go after the young women; if they would stay at home, the young women would run after them."

A young gentleman fell in love with the daughter of his employer; but the different social status of the pair seemed to preclude all hope of a successful issue, the young lady's papa sternly forbidding any further progress in the matter, and denying the young man the privilege of continuing to visit the house. The situation appeared almost hopeless; but feminine ingenuity rose to the occasion. The old gentleman was in the habit of wearing a cloak, and the young couple made him the unconscious bearer of their correspondence. The young lady would pin a letter inside the lining of her father's cloak, and when the old gentleman threw off the garment in the counting-house, her lover would take the earliest opportunity to secure the valued missive and to send back his reply in the same manner. Love and ingenuity were finally successful.

Another case was that of a young lady whose friends refused to ratify her choice and approve her betrothal. The expedient she hit upon was simple, but effective. She just went to bed, declaring her intention to remain there till her parents gave their consent, which occurred in less than a fortnight. It was found by that time to be less expensive and more agreeable to call in the lover than the doctor.

A lady was asked on one occasion why plain girls often get married sooner than handsome ones; to which she replied, that it was owing mainly to the tact of the plain girls, and the vanity and want of tact on the part of the men.

"How do you make that out?" asked a gentleman.

"In this way," answered the lady. "The plain girls flatter the men, and so please their vanity; while the handsome ones wait to be flattered by the men, who haven't the tact to do it."

There have been cases, however, in which the situation presented here has been reversed, and plain, even ugly, men have succeeded in making themselves so agreeable to young ladies as to become their accepted suitors.

Here is a case in point. When Sheridan first met his second wife, who was then a Miss Ogle, years of dissipation had sadly disfigured his once handsome features, and only his brilliant eyes were left to redeem a nose and cheeks too purple in hue for beauty. "What a fright!" exclaimed Miss Ogle, loud enough for him to her. Instead of being annoyed by the remark, Sheridan at once engaged her in conversation, put forth all his powers of fascination, and resolved to make her not only reverse her opinion, but actually fall in love with him. At their second meeting she thought him ugly, but certainly fascinating. A week or two afterward he had so far succeeded in his design that she declared she could not live without him. Her father refused his consent unless Sheridan could settle fifteen thousand pounds upon her; and, in his usual miraculous way, he found the money.

It is always safer to risk a little flattery.

"Happy is the wooing
That is not long a doing,"

says the old couplet; but a modern counselor thinks it necessary to qualify the adage by the advice: "Never marry a girl unless you have known her three days, and at a picnic." Marrying in haste is certainly worse than a too protracted courtship; though the latter has its dangers, too, for something may occur at any time to break off the affair altogether, and prevent what might have been a happy union.

It may be concluded there is a screw loose somewhere if Matilda is overheard to say to her Theodore, as they steam up the river with the excursion:

"Don't sit so far away from me, dear, and turn your back on me so; people will think we're married."

Grains of Gold.

Truth is the highest thing man may keep.

The devil is most devilish when respectable.

Enjoy what you have, hope for what you lack.

Do noble things—not dream them all day long.

That trial is not fair where affection is judge.

Scandal will rub out like dirt when it is dry.

What one knows it is useful sometimes to forget.

Presumption is our natural and original disease.

The most difficult thing in life is to know yourself.

Blessings are seldom valued until they are gone.

If you wish to reach the highest, begin at the lowest.

If the eye do not admire, the heart will not desire.

He who knows most, grieves most for wasted time.

We should live as though our life would be both long and short.

He surely is in want of another's patience who has none of his own.

Ere you remark another's sin, bid thine own conscience look within.

Too great refinement is false delicacy, and true delicacy is solid refinement.

Prefer loss before unjust gain; for that brings grief but once, this for ever.

No cloud can overshadow a true Christian, but his face will discern a rainbow in it.

When two friends part, they should lock up one another's secret, and change the keys.

The duty of every man is to find out what he has abilities for, and use them to that end.

There is nothing which is right for us to do, but it is also right to ask that God would bless it.

The most delicate, the most sensible of all pleasures consists in promoting the pleasure of others.

Remember that there is a rebound to every unkind word, and therefore be more guarded in your speech.

There is for the soul a spontaneous culture, on which depends all the real progress in perfection.

A true lover of the church will not get up and look out the first thing to see what kind of a day it is going to be.

One of the mistakes in the conduct of human life is to suppose that other men's opinions are to make us happy.

Virtue, in itself so beautiful, appears to us in her own colors so long as we have no intent to tarnish her image.

Blessed is he who has found his work. Let him ask no other blessedness: he has a life-purpose. Labor is life.

The greatest life is that which has been the most useful, and has performed its allotted tasks cheerfully and well.

Make others to see Christ in you, moving, doing, speaking and thinking: your actions will speak of Him, if He be in you.

Bad temper is its own scourge. Few things are bitterer than to feel bitter. A man's venom poisons himself more than his victim.

Every deed of dishonor, every victim of vice, every ghastly spectacle of crime, is an eloquent testimony to the need and the worth of virtue.

Great is he who enjoys his earthenware as if it were plate, and not less great is the man to whom all his plate is no more than earthenware.

He who learns by experience, both sweet and bitter, touches the secret spring of success. He can turn whatever knowledge he possesses to the best account.

It may also fall out that each one's opinion may be good; but to refuse to yield to others when reason or a special cause requireth it, is a sign of pride and stiffness.

Femininities.

The society of ladies is a school of politeness.

The dearest child of all is that which is dead.

An incensed lover shuts his eyes, and tells himself many lies.

True love is never idle, but worketh to serve him whom it loveth.

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

There are no more thorough prudes than those women who have some little secret to hide.

"Yer doan't often find cruelty among fowls," says Uncle Mose. "De hen is allus kind to de step-chiken."

It sounds rather rough to speak of a girl winning a man's love. If she won it, she must have been playing for it.

God has placed the genius of women in their hearts—because the works of his genius are always works of love.

Before handing your last spring's overcoat to your wife for repairs, it is a wise plan to go through the pockets carefully.

Do not affect a motive in love. It is not a question of motive, but of fact. Don't marry to do good. The end won't sanctify the means.

Young men having experience in paying attention to young ladies, assert that it is easier to drive with one hand than it is to row with one hand.

A lady's boudoir is a powder magazine; preparatory to an expedition into the very heart of the enemy, she has a little brush and then raises her colors.

A prime old maid in this city positively declined to attend the boat races, after hearing that "Snyder hugged the shore," and that there were buoys in the water.

A man winks his eye on an average of 20,000 times per day, and a woman's tongue makes 78,000 motions every 24 hours. At this rate how long will it take the man to catch up?

"Why, I'd like to know," said a lady to a judge, "cannot a lady become a successful lawyer?" "Because she's too fond of giving her opinion without pay," answered the judge.

A Colorado man was recently killed while gathering a scuttle of coal in his back yard. After a few heartrending occurrences like this, wives will begin to learn their household duties.

Socrates began the study of music only when he was sixty. We commend this fact to the young lady who lives in the opposite house, and has begun practicing the "Maiden's Prayer" before she is twenty.

A young wife in Boston, who lost her husband by death, telegraphed to her father in Chicago, in these succinct words: "Dear John died this morning at eleven o'clock. Loss fully covered by insurance."

The average young lady wants at least four feet of seat in a street car for a ride of six blocks, but she will ride half a day Sunday squeezed into a buggy-seat beside her young man, and not find the least fault.

In his young days Noah Webster had a pretty love romance, a magazine writer tells us. Unlike most disappointed swains, he did not turn to puerile poetry for relief. It took a whole dictionary to express his feelings.

In closing a notice of the arrival of two St. Louis belles, a Texas editor says: "Rode I am of speech, but if you want a heart with generous valves, fit to run a hydraulic pump, corral me, and you'll find it beneath my shirt."

Ruskin seems to have a blissful ignorance of the cost of coal. He says a couple ought to court seven years to become thoroughly acquainted. That is the way with philosophers; they have no thoughts for the practicalities of life.

On coming out of a warm room or hall, to walk home on a cold or damp night, do not indulge in too much conversation, however agreeable your escort may be. Breathe through the nose, and keep the mouth shut as much as possible.

"Pause," said the highly cultivated Boston girl to her lover, who was about to kill a mosquito. "Pause. In the balanced and admirably-adapted economy of nature, man cannot interfere without disarranging the whole order of things." And he paused.

A vocalist at one of the places of amusement in Boston the other evening sung, "Take me Back to Home and Mother." She had not finished the first verse before every one in the audience was willing to grant her request, providing she would take her song with her.

"I trust your daughter is not one of those tame, spiritless sort of girls that sometimes apply to us for situations, and are too bashful to tell them," said a Boston shopkeeper to a father who was seeking employment for one of his children. "Sir," he replied, very indignantly, "my daughter has red hair."

This is a curious advertisement in a London paper: "A lady wishes to recommend another lady who, through no fault of her own, has become in distressed circumstances, thinking that if one thousand benevolent persons were each to subscribe one dollar, it would place her again in affluent circumstances."

At one of the watering places an impatient young man walked up to the bathing-houses in which he thought his male companion was dressing, and, knocking on the same, testily inquired, "When in blazes are you going to get those pants on?" There was a faint gurgle, and a silvery voice replied, "When I get married, I suppose."

An attempt having been made to take a census of the females of Kurdistan, they rebelled, and 500 of them, assembling, attacked the soldiers who were sent to aid the enumerators, and put them to flight. The census had to be suspended until reinforcements could arrive. The census man should not have asked these ladies their ages without protection.

News Notes.

The cuttle fish has three distinct hearts.

Missouri's coal fields cover 23,700 square miles.

Elephants always disturb the water before they drink.

The lobster has been known to attain the age of 20 years.

A stammering Indian chief is named Drag-the-word.

A preventative of typhoid fever is to boil the drinking water.

A Toledo young man plays on two cornets at the same time.

The woodpecker can thrust his tongue out fully three inches.

The compulsory education law in Illinois is pronounced a failure.

Brick masons are getting $6 a day in some parts of the South.

It is estimated that there are 20,000 counterfeit sovereigns afloat in Great Britain.

Fifty-seven suits for divorce were heard in the Chicago courts on one day, recently.

Boston milk inspectors have found in some recent examinations 40 per cent. of water.

It cost an English school teacher $75 for rapping a boy over the knuckles with a hazel stick.

A Baltimore man named Gockel sneezed so vehemently the other day as to dislocate his shoulder.

A New York rough stopped to hear a street preacher, and stole the divine's watch and chain.

Over 138,000 people have attended the 42 base ball games played in Boston during the past season.

In a recent clam-opening contest in New York, a man opened four hundred and fifty clams in 30 minutes.

The new comet is very faint, and far beyond the reach of the naked eye. It is round, and has no tail.

An undertaker of Detroit is charged with cutting the hair from pauper dead and selling it to wig-makers.

William Bradbury was sentenced to six months imprisonment in London for stealing a penny postage stamp.

A Columbus, O., parrot recently killed a rat that invaded polly's cage in quest of the nuts and crackers therein.

A young man who only weighed 120 pounds has taken time to win a New York damsel who weighs 317 pounds.

Mr. Keel, of Detroit, in writing to Castle Garden for a wife, is careful to say: "A Red hair person need not apply."

The powerful electric light at the Calumet and Hecla mines can be seen 42 miles away by vessels on Lake Superior.

A penny is a little thing, but just for fun sit down some day and think what you can buy with one. You will be surprised.

A Colorado rough proudly wears a ring through a hole which was made in his ear by the bullet of a barroom adversary's pistol.

A Mexican planter employed 300 men to kill locusts for him. Their wages amounted to $700.00, and they killed 317,000 of the insects.

A railroad engineer at Longview, Texas, broke off a marriage because his intended would not sell her piano to meet the expenses of the wedding.

A Utah baby was recently stolen by a bear, and carried four miles to its den. The child was rescued unhurt during the absence of the animal.

Since the New York dog pound was opened, in 1877, no less than 38,580 canines found in the streets without muzzles have been officially put to death.

Vennor, the Canadian weather guesser, prognosticates that the coming winter will be warm, open and wet, with little or no snow during the close of the year.

A Burlington, Ia., tailor and hair-dresser got drunk together, and the tailor took the hair-dresser home, and the hair-dresser's wife licked the tailor with a rawhide.

Maggie Ballentine, a sweet Virginia girl of 17 years, was burned recently by her clothes taking fire from a match which she had just used in lighting a pipe she was smoking.

At the recent Havemeyer ball at Newport, most of the dishes were served on white sugar pedestals carved from huge loaves of sugar made at Mr. Havemeyer's refinery in Brooklyn.

Mr. Walker, the colored lawyer appointed by Governor Butler to the bench at Charlestown City Court, is a Roman Catholic, belongs to the choir of St. Vincent's Church, and has a white wife.

An Arizona man at a funeral undertook to enter a carriage which he found empty, but a man with a revolver stopped him with, "You can't git in thar, pardner—that hack's reserved for the corpse's cousin."

The tanned skin of the breast of a French sailor, the piece being twelve inches square, is on exhibition at San Diego, Cal. On it, in life, was tattooed in colors a very ingenious illustration of the crucifixion.

Van Wyck, of Fishkill, N. Y., gave a friend a package of what he supposed to be collars, to take to a Poughkeepsie laundry. The friend gave it to the laundryman, who opened it, and found it contained $800 in greenbacks.

GIVE READY ATTENTION AND PROMPT Treatment to all Affections of the Bowels, Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, etc. Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam affords immediate relief, and speedily cures these complaints.

THE PEOPLE OF MEXICO.

THE people to be met on the streets of Mexico may be roughly divided into three classes; this is of course, without including the foreigners, who do not possess the same interest to the traveler that is to be found in the natives of the country.

The three classes would be the Mexicans, the mestizos and the Indians.

Since all are, broadly speaking Mexicans, it might perhaps be better to call them the upper class, the servant class and the lowest class.

This does not give quite an exact idea, since these three classes are to be found in any community, while here not only are the classes different but also the races.

There is no name for the servant class; the word mestizo is applied to them and is understood when used but is not generally employed.

They seem to be a people midway between the Indian and the white man.

From the pictorial point of view the Indian is the most interesting of these classes. They seem to be as they are remnants of the past, lingering among the scenes of their former greatness.

They do not blend with the city life at all. They are not idle—far from it. They come into the city of a morning with their meagre stock of vegetables, and in the afternoon you see them returning to their homes.

They usually go at a dog trot, which impresses one as being very wearying; but they keep up the pace as long as they are to be seen.

Their faces have the melancholy cast of people borne down by oppression.

The onward march of time has had little or no influence on their customs.

Their dress has apparently undergone no change of plan since the day when Cortez first introduced civilization among them by the means of gunpowder.

The costume is exceedingly simple, consisting of two pieces.

One is a piece of plain cloth with a slit in the centre through which the head is thrust.

The ends fall a little below the waist, and it is wide enough so that on its sides it reaches about to the elbows, the arms being otherwise uncovered.

This garment is the same for both sexes. The cloth of which it is made forms a distinguishing mark quite as prominent as the cut.

It is a coarse cloth of a peculiar dark blue color and loose texture.

It is manufactured by the Indians and is never seen except in their dress.

The other garment of the woman is a plain piece of the same blue cloth, bound about the waist and falling to the ankles.

The dress of the men is completed by a pair of leather trousers reaching to the knees and open some six or seven inches up the outside seam.

For head covering the men wear a coarse straw hat, while the women are usually bareheaded, but occasionally they will be seen with a narrow strip of their blue cloth covering the top of their head and falling upon their shoulders.

This is held in place by laying above it the two braids in which the hair is worn.

The hair does not grow long, and the back is made up by braiding in bright colored worsteds.

This worsted and a string of colored glass beads are almost the only ornaments of the women.

Once in a while a pair of silver earrings will be seen but not frequently. These people live either in the extreme outskirts of the city or in the small villages surrounding, and among them can only be heard the original language of the Mexicans.

The mestizos or servant class differ wholly from the Indians in dress.

The most characteristic feature is the reboso worn by the women.

This a dark colored scarf of thin material about eight feet long and two and a half feet wide.

One would think that these scarfs would be of a variety of beautiful colors, but they are universally homely.

The prevailing color is a light blue with narrow white lines at frequent intervals. The reboso completely covers the head, one end hanging down by the side, the other being brought either under the chin or a little higher, just passing over the mouth and thrown over the left shoulder.

It seems to be looked upon as the most indispensable article of a woman's dress. The usual dress is the ordinary civilized dress, with a great diversity of opinion as to the quantity deemed necessary; but whatever the amount of clothing on the upper part of the body the reboso is always worn. Its especial service is in the carrying of children.

When the child is carried in the arms the child is put inside of the reboso and the ends brought under the arm, transferring a large part of the weight from the arm to the shoulders; but the most characteristic use is in binding the child on the mother's back, bringing the entire weight on the shoulders and leaving the hands unoccupied.

Josh Billings Heard From.

NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 11, 1880.

Dear Bitters—I am here trying to breathe in all the salt air of the ocean, and having been a sufferer for more than a year with a refractory liver, I was induced to mix Hop Bitters with the sea gale, and have found the tincture a glorious result. * * * I have been greatly helped by the Bitters, and am not afraid to say so.

Yours without a struggle,
JOSH BILLINGS.

KIN MARRIAGE.

THE Romans had a great aversion to marriage between those closely related by blood, and when the Emperor Claudius married his niece Agrippina the younger, his example was followed by but one Roman at the time, and by none subsequently. The Greeks, on the other hand, in some circumstances encouraged such marriages. One finds in the Phormio of Terence, which is a picture of Greek and Roman manners, that, when a Greek was left a destitute orphan, it was the duty of the nearest male relative to provide for her if able to do so, or to espouse her.

This humane requirement of the law, or at least intended as such, included even the paternal half-brother, but the maternal marriages were prohibited.

At Sparta it appears it was the reverse. These regulations probably sought by different means to effect the same purpose—to prevent the accumulation of inheritance upon the same person, so contrary was it thought to the true interests of a republic. At Athens it was feared that the inheritance falling to the wife from one father might be added to that which the husband already possessed as heir to the other.

The reason for the Spartan law is not so obvious, but it was probably intended to enable a Spartan mother to equalize fortune between two sets of children not equally well provided for.

At Alexandria such alliances were indifferently allowed in either case.

Indeed, if one calculates the descent, one will certainly find that first cousins are as closely allied by blood as half-brothers and sisters, each having the same ancestry on one side; and therefore any physiological or psychological objections to marriages between them are equally valid in either case.

As to how far they are contrary to good morals and decorum, depends much on the modes of life among the respective peoples.

We find in the earliest ages and among the most primitive nations a common aversion to alliances among those closely connected by blood or affinity.

The early Romans and the Arabs of the desert had no communication with each other, and were perhaps unaware of each other's existence; yet each held marriage between those related within the fourth degree as unlawful.

A like simple and primitive mode of life contributed very much to establish this regulation in each case.

In early times and among people uncorrupted by luxury, not only persons, but families closely related, lived for the most part together.

An innate sense of what is becoming and right soon impressed them with the idea that all gallantry, courtship and love-making, towards those brought up under the same roof was contrary to all decorum and morality.

Cambyses, King of Persia, for an instance of the power of example, was enamoured of a sister, and wished to espouse her.

Desiring the sanction of the law for his action, he called together the royal judges and inquired if there was any law in Persia which authorized a brother to marry his sister.

With a proper regard for law and a prudent regard for safety, they answered that they found no such law, but they had found another which declared it lawful for the King of Persia to do what he wished.

From that time such marriages, though hitherto unknown among the Persians, became lawful and even frequent.

The custom extended to the Egyptians, and was adopted even by their Macedonian kings.

But wherever the Roman power extended, such alliance ceased, or at least were no longer sanctioned by law.

The extirpation of this blemish upon ancient civilization, which the widely extended power of Rome in a great degree accomplished, was completed and rendered permanent by the still wider away and deeper influence of Christianity.

Cousins german are, in all Christian countries, the nearest relatives not within the prohibited degree.

Even reasons of State policy have not been sufficiently potent to render alliances between those more nearly related, and Richard III. is probably the only sovereign who, in order to strengthen his unstable throne, even wished to marry his niece.

Lord Bacon declared that "cousins may really be more related than brothers and sisters sometimes are.

"This may be the case when both inherit the traits of the family."

When this is the case, as, for instance, when both are light-haired and blue-eyed, sanguine or nervous, he thinks marriage between them highly reprehensible, but not so much so if one should be dark and the other fair, or they should manifest in other striking ways that their temperament and organization are, for the most, derived from a different line of ancestors.

An exchange takes exception to the course of the young people of the Sunday schools who peddle tickets on Sunday and other days for church festivals, picnics, and magic lantern shows. It likens them to the "money changers in the Temple," and says that they ought to be driven out. It sees at naught the apology that this ticket peddling is a work of necessity and mercy.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla acts directly and promptly, to purify and enrich the blood, improve the appetite, strengthen the nerves, and brace up the system. It is therefore in the truest sense an *alterative* medicine. Every invalid should give it a trial.

A CHANGE OF STYLE.

When this old hat was new,
The railroad was a stage,
And a six-mule team made plenty of steam
For the broadest kind of gauge.

You caught a goose when you wanted a pen,
The ink we used was blue,
And the women you loved didn't want to be men
When this old hat was new.

A spade was only a spade,
And Jennie was just plain Jane;
For his impudent lip a boy would skip
At the end of a rattan cane.

There were sixteen ounces in every pound.
Four quarts made a gallon true;
But things don't seem like they used to been
When this old hat was new.

But we've shortened the time since then,
And we're running a faster heat,
And the boys of ten are full blown men,
Who run the store and the street.

We blush to giggle, and we should smile;
And we're cute, and we never say die;
We're up to snuff, and we're full of guile,
And we're just too awfully fly.

And father is governor, old man, dad,
And his old day is gone;
We run things fast, and a little bad,
Since we put this new hat on.

—R. J. B.

Humorous.

"This is an off year for tramps," sadly remarked Farmer Furrow, as he gazed at the well-stripped trees, and saw the small boys' footprints around the lot.

They call certain art daubs, that you can make neither head nor tail of, "studies," because it would take a year's study to find out what the painter tried to do.

An even thing—Once a banana-skin gets on the sidewalk, it is about an even thing between it and the first man that comes along as to which shall go into the gutter.

The baggage agents of the United States are holding a convention in Chicago. Before their arrival all trunks were prudently removed from the city and hidden in the woods.

An enthusiastic country paper remarks, "The hills and valleys are carpeted with the verdant growing crops." A neat idea. The carpet, strictly speaking, is of the ingrain variety.

"Is the Legislature in session now?" inquired an Austin street-car driver. "No; why do you ask?" responded one of the passengers. "Somebody has stolen my broom, that's all."

Heartfelt testimonials from using Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator for Heart Disease. Price, $1.50.

"That's a foul!" exclaimed one of the players as a base ball left the bat at a tangent and knocked down a colored spectator who was standing near. As the latter gathered himself up he said: "You can't foot me—dat wa'nt no fowl—it was a mule."

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

GENERAL GARFIELD'S "Address to Young Men," the "Morning Call" and other pamphlets which the Bryant & Stratton Business College of Philadelphia delivers free to all who call or write for them, contain much entertaining and instructive reading matter for young men and women.

Superfluous Hair

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 128 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

Hughes' Corn and Bunion Plasters

Give instant relief, and effect a cure. (They are not pads to relieve the pressure.) Each 25 cents per box; twelve Corn or six Bunion in each box. Sent by mail on receipt of price. C. C. HUGHES, Druggist, Eighth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ **When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.**

AYER'S Ague Cure

IS WARRANTED to cure all cases of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular of July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

SILKS FOR PATCH WORK
An Endless Variety of Beautiful Styles. Send six 2c. stamps for samples. Yale Silk Works, New Haven, Ct.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULOUS OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swelling, Tumors, Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout Dropsy, Bronchitis, Consumption.

For the cure of

SKIN DISEASES,

ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND BODY, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, SALT RHEUM, OLD SORES, ULCERS, **Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent** excels all remedial agents. It purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor; clear skin and beautiful complexion secured to all.

Liver Complaints, Etc.,

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a prickling, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

COUGHS, COLDS, INFLAMMATIONS, FEVER AND AGUE CURED AND PREVENTED.

DR. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DIPHTHERIA, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING.

RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES

By Radways' Ready Relief.

MALARIA

IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS,

FEVER AND AGUE.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Looseness, Diarrhœa, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache, whether sick or nervous, toothache, neuralgia, nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine, or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure. Price, 50 cents.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.**

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

NEW TACOMA,

Washington Territory. Western terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and the future

METROPOLIS OF THE NORTHWEST.

Property will double in value here in the near future. Investments judiciously made for non-residents. Correspondence solicited; information cheerfully given by ALLEN G. MASON, Real Estate Broker, New Tacoma, Wash. Ter. P. O. Box 29.

Refers to First National Bank, New Tacoma, W. T.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

Facetiæ.

Young ladies should not forget that Goliath died from the effect of a bang on the forehead.

"Proud of my family, sir?" exclaimed a man. "Yes, sir, I am proud. I am as proud as a boy with two stone bruises."

"Is shaving a necessity?" is the question that was argued by a Western debating society. It is to barbers, or they would starve.

"Pa, what is a fool?" "A fool, my son, is a man who tickles the hind legs of a mule." "Does he ever find it out, pa?" "No, my boy, he never has time."

"Poor creature!" exclaimed Mrs. Grosgrain, looking at the pictures of nude savage women; "no clothing of any kind! I wonder what they have to talk about?"

"Dear me," said a good old lady, on 5th avenue, the other evening, "how this craze for china is growing! Here's a New York club that is paying $3,000 for a pitcher."

"I have no more fears from that quarter," is what the storekeeper said as he threw the counterfeit twenty-five-cent piece in the fire which had come back to him seven times.

Of what benefit to this or any other country are the planets discovered during the last quarter of a century? A method of raising boneless stand would be a greater boon to mankind than a cart-load of planets.

Biggs had eaten pretty heartily. He left the table before his host, excusing himself, of course, as in politeness bound. "Excuse yer!" said Farmer Sparrowgrass; "oh, get out, I love to see a man eat."

"Will there be a hop to-night?" asked a Summer sojourner of another, who had loved the stock market "not wisely but too well." "Don't know about the hop, but there will be a skip if I can get my trunk out," was the reply.

"Doctor, you have saved my life!" exclaimed a convalescent on meeting his physician. "I saved your life? Why, I didn't attend you," said the doctor, in amazement. "I know it," responded the convalescent, "and that is why I am *so* grateful."

The window in a dentist's office came down and caught a cat by the tail while she was out, and fourteen people who would have waited for his return, on going upstairs and hearing the cat's voice, decided to go home and stand the pain of the toothache.

When the editor proposed, and was accepted, he said to his sweetheart: "I would be glad if you would give me a kiss;" then, observing her blush, he added, "not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith." She couldn't resist that.

A good little boy who was kicked by a mule didn't swear about it. Not he. But he led the mule to a bee-hive, backed him close to it and tied him! That mule kicked like lightning for three-quarters of an hour, and couldn't stop if he would. Boys are little, but—!

We understand that collars, railroad ties, car-wheels, boats, and numerous other articles are being made out of paper. This is a world of progress. We should not be very much surprised at hearing before long that some one had discovered a way of making money out of a newspaper.

The other day a fiend in human shape went into the hat-room of a hotel during dinner hour and put folded strips of newspaper inside the lining of every hat on the rack. Every guest insisted that somebody had stolen his hat, and the exercises wound up with forty-two scrapping matches.

In all its forms Heart Disease yields to the use of Graves' Heart Regulator. Price, $1.; 6 for $5.00.

Two lovers in Milwaukee agreed to commit suicide at the same hour the other night. Next morning both were up an hour earlier to look over the paper, and their disappointment and disgust at such conduct on the part of the other was too deep for utterance.

THE MILD POWER
CURES
HUMPHREYS HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS
In use twenty years. The most safe, simple, economical and efficient medicine known. Dr. Humphreys' Book on Disease and its Cure (144 pp.) also Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Humphreys Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York

DRY GOODS BY MAIL!
Over Three-Quarters of a Million in Stock.
All bought for cash, and sold at lowest city prices.
Dress Goods, Silks, Shawls, Trimmings, Hosiery, Upholstery, Fancy Goods, Ladies' Dresses, Wraps, Underwear, Ties, Laces, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Infants', Boys' and Girls' Outfits, &c. Samples, information, and "SHOPPING GUIDE" free on application.
COOPER & CONARD, 9th & Market St., Philada.
☞ Please say where you saw this advertisement.

BRANSON KNITTER
PRICE, $25.00.
For Manufacturing or Family use, is now known throughout America and Europe as the simplest and best Knitting Machine ever made. Makes seamless hose, double heel and toe. Runs either by hand or power. Capacity from 6 to 8 dozen pairs of socks per day. A child can use them. For circulars address JAMES L. BRANSON, 925 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

PATENT MEDICINES—Send for Prices. William T. TOTTEN, 872 N. Tenth St., Phila., Pa.

GUNS Lowest prices ever known on Breech Loaders, Rifles, & Revolvers. OUR $15 SHOT-GUN at greatly reduced price. Send stamp for our New Illus. Catalogue, 1883-84. P. POWELL & SON, 180 Main street, CINCINNATI, O.

PATENT Procured or no charge. 40 p. book patent law free. Add. W. T. FITZGERALD, 1067 F St., Washington, D.C.

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Are generally induced by Indigestion, Foul Stomach, Costiveness, Deficient Circulation, or some Derangement of the Liver and Digestive System. Sufferers will find relief by the use of
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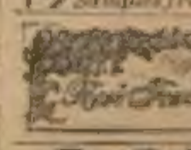
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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

IN making up plain soft-wool dresses of any of the new colors, the tucked skirt still remains an accepted style. Plain tucks in groups around the skirt above a narrow pleating or ruffle are old but are still much worn.

Lengthwise tucks were put during the summer in silk skirts of hair-like stripes in two colors or two shades, over which was a drapery of a plain color, with corsage of the plain goods trimmed with the stripe.

For winter the same design will be common but not at all undesirable.

On account of its simplicity it is to be recommended for quiet costumes to be made and worn by quiet ladies.

If the dress is of plain goods, the material must be soft and fine, and the color becoming.

Velvet in the piece for trimming would make the dress more warm-looking, and more "dressy," but not necessarily more elegant.

The skirt is made in long, uninterrupted pleats from the belt to the hem, but each pleat is regularly sewed as being obviously a tuck down to within from eight to fourteen inches from the hem.

The fulness is here left to fall as it will.

If velvet is used, a facing of bias, cut bias, is laid up from the hem as wide as may be wished, according to the height of the person.

Of course a careful eye must be given to the arrangement of distances by trimming or of the break in the garments from basque to overskirt and from overskirt to skirt as well as to the height of the bonnet; else, by bad proportions, a disagreeable effect is produced in the general appearance.

The width of the velvet band on the edge of the skirt must be specially considered for the wearer, as well as the breadth of the vest of velvet which may be upon the corsage.

Over a plain vest of velvet, a round rolling collar of velvet may be worn. The corsage may have a high collar, if preferred, with notched revers all of velvet, coming down quite to the point of the basque. It is supposed in this case that there is a basque worn over the tucked skirt which has a draped overskirt.

Rather more elegant, as well as more useful for autumn street wear, would be the new although not very new half-tight redingote of the same material as the tucked skirt.

This is made with vest front set in, the front widths of the garment itself not meeting below the lower edge of the vest, but having their edge, as well as the outline of the vest, trimmed with long perpendicular revers of velvet, extending from the collar almost to the wearer's feet.

Velvet cuffs, of course, finish the sleeves of the redingote, which is only to be worn upon slender figures, but is to them very becoming.

Old black silk dresses are prettily made over with brilliant plaids.

Two bits of stock advice must here be reiterated, in fact, three. Any conspicuous trimming silk or jet or passementerie must be of the best quality, otherwise it vulgarizes the costume, while good trimmings, like good fabrics of all sorts, last for years, always looking well and ready to be made over or combined anew to fresh effect.

As to plaids for trimming, the old remarks must be made.

The pattern must be selected with care; in composing the dress the utmost attention must be given to the effect of putting in any given place or shape so glaring a material; and thirdly, the plaid must be put on plain, or if pleated or shirred must have the effect of such involutions upon the pattern calculated for.

Since a piece of puckered-up plaid gives another effect from the same piece plain, the two must not be combined without care.

Granted a skill to manage plaid patterns, they are at present, as they have been for half a year, excellent to trim plain wool or silk withal.

Our black silk may have a plain vest of the plaid set under two or three long fine plantings of the plain silk which outlines its edge.

Or it may have, what is especially Parisian, a long pointed vest of the plaid laid in loose perpendicular folds and laced across with round silk cord, which passes around the buttons which outline the edge of the corsage, where it is cut away to receive under the vest.

Among other infinite little changes it may have a full vest front, puffed baggy from the neck to within four inches of the belt, and tightly shirred below.

The sleeves and skirt are to be trimmed accordingly.

It is pretty to face up the sleeve seams and turn back the edge of the wrist. V-shaped side pieces of the plaid shirred or pleated, may be laid between the all-black drapery.

The front breadths alone may be treated with plaid, while the back is all plain. Linings to plain garments are still of gay plaid as well as of stripe, while the new Persian-patterned, wool goods would of course be lined with plain silk, or at most with shot silk.

Furthermore, of linings and the inner finish of the dress.

Too much care can hardly be taken with all the inside finish of clothes, as the mode is at present.

A silk lining in a wool dress makes a woman look more dressed than the old-fashioned drilling lining in a silk dress. Facings should be of silk, and can economically be so, if a woman understands keeping scraps and using them on the necessary day.

Linings, if not of silk, may be of soft fine satin, such as is only to be found in the best establishments, but cost hardly more, if any more, than commoner goods. Whalebones should be in all seams but the two curved ones, next to the middle back seam, and should be encased in fine tape fulled onto the seam loosely.

Still better ways are used on imported dresses, but this will do.

The edges of seams must be carefully cut and notched at curves to lie back flat, and apart, all but the two curved seams above mentioned.

These are to be finely overcast and held together, not apart. All the other seams are to be bound with regular silk tape, which can be bought for little, and adds very much to the finish of the garment.

The form of the skirt is now made by steel springs upon which the back breadths are gathered.

There should be two of these springs for short person's dress, and three for a longer skirt.

The steel springs are to be bought at almost any notion counter, with the broad tape, the spring hook and eyes, and the narrow elastic ribbon also required.

The steels come usually in sets of three plain sticks of graduated length, each piece bound in cloth, and protected at the edge.

These will do, but the better dressmakers use a longer spring than these, and not usually more than two, setting in a haircloth tournure to regulate more perfectly the shape of the basque itself.

The way to fix these "dress improvers," as the steel springs are called, after the English mode, is first to sew broad tapes by both edges into the back breadths of the skirt.

One tape should be, say fifteen inches from the hem, the other eight inches above.

It is of no use, however, to give exact measures, because these must be according to the more or less bouffant effect desired, and according to the length of the skirt.

Behind these tapes the steels are run, shirring upon them the whole back breadths and fastening the ends well upon the division seams of the front and back of the skirt wrapping the ends of the springs in the turned-in ends of the tapes.

To these ends sew short lengths of elastic braid, which, when hooked together, will curve the steel springs into the desired shape.

The hooks and eyes upon the free ends of these elastics must be of the kind which fasten by a spring and do not come apart without intentional unhooking. These are to be bought by the dozen for little money, nor should this nor any other special requirement be substituted by anything which it is thought "will do." Nothing in the lining and finishing of a dress can be neglected without damage to the effect when worn. Remember, also, these elastics are to be be unhooked at once upon taking off the garment, which will then be brushed and if necessary aired, and finally hung up ready for use the next time.

Fireside Chat.

REMUNERATIVE FANCY WORK.

SOME time ago I mentioned Arrasene Embroidery; it still continues in favor, and as some of the details connected with this work are, I find, not widely known, I will give a few which will, I believe, prove very useful to many readers.

Designs for this special work, and skeins of the arrasene yarn, are easily obtainable at Wanamaker's.

The correct stitch is that known as crewel or stem stitch.

Chenille needles are used, and short needlefuls should be taken. Fruit-blossoms of many kinds are effective, such as apple, orange, apricot, horse-chestnut, blackberry, almond-blossoms; foxgloves, begonias, orchids, and the thicker, heavier flowers are more suitable for representation than those having delicate petals.

This embroidery can be worked without a frame, but experienced workers affirm that the work is much easier and better done when a frame is used.

When finished, a damp cloth should be spread over the back of the work and an iron passed over it.

When the work is not in a frame, its face must be placed upon a thickly-folded flannel before this process is gone through; but should the material be velvet or plush, the work must be held tightly out by hand when ironed.

In many old houses there are cupboards in the sitting-rooms; it is the present fashion to hang curtains over these doors, and for the decoration of these curtains arrasene embroidery is particularly suitable; I have also seen panels for the doors of old-fashioned chiffoniers and movable cupboards, and open cases for coal-boxes, embellished with arrasene embroidery.

Counterpanes and elder-down quilts are made ornamental in various ways.

A pattern in Russian embroidery is often worked in blue or red cotton on white counterpanes.

For elder-down quilts, devices in silk patchwork look well: strips or squares of this interspersed with strips or squares of dark velvet.

The old-fashioned plain of making linen with cotton is being revived; the present style differs from that formerly in use, in that it is more ornamental; initials, monograms, and other devices are embroidered on a large scale in satin stitch with white linen thread on sheets, pillow-cases, pocket-handkerchiefs, and other household possessions.

For ordinary cross-stitch marking, six-pence per dozen letters is the charge usually made.

Menu cards are still in request; their present form is that of a small square with a double knot, so that they stand on the table without aid.

The newest designs appear to be tiny pictures—little views and landscapes—with flowers scattered about; a kind of medley, such as one sometimes sees on a page in a magazine, wherein the pictures are to be seen placed here and there as in a kaleidoscope, apparently without rhyme or reason.

"Guest cards" are also in demand. The newest form for these is the shape and size of a gentleman's visiting card.

Floral designs are the prettiest for these. A gold line should be marked round the wherein the name is to be placed; then a slit is made at one end, and a slip of paper bearing the name can be inserted.

This provision makes the card usable on many occasions and thus increases its value.

The rate charged for hand-painted cards is about 12s. per dozen for menu cards, and $1.50 per dozen for the guest cards.

There seems to be a great dearth in the matter of ornamental invitation cards for "At Homes" and tennis parties.

A few weeks ago I went in search of some for a friend, to a shop in Boston of well-known name; only three designs were there to be found, and they were so uncommonly common-place and ugly, that all people who saw the specimens exclaimed against them.

A crouching frog was the principal object in one, and a stiff young man and an inelegant young woman standing at a tennis net was one of the others; the third was even less attractive.

I could not meet with this class of card at several likely shops where I inquired for them.

I have lately seen flowers painted on the backs of ivory brushes, more particularly on the diminutive brushes which are for the use of infants.

At the present time the market is overstocked with painted china, of second and third-rate order, and therefore I would dissuade any one from painting or from learning china-painting, except the few who can produce work of first-rate excellence.

It is perhaps rather late in the season to talk of fire-screens, but it must be remembered that preparation has to be made a long time beforehand for coming needs.

The present fashion of a standing folding screen gives great scope to artists; each division of the three or four can exhibit a different design, or one may embrace the whole.

In these again, as on the cards, one often sees a medley of small pictures, and branches of blossoms, and flights of birds, and a scattering of flowers, and fluttering butterflies; the background is usually a pale color, cream or blue.

There is a class of work for which the fingers of some women are pre particularly suited.

I allude to the making of artificial flies for fishermen.

Great nicety and neatness alone do not suffice; deft fingers and sensitiveness of touch are required; these gifts are not very widely distributed, but they are possessed by some, and I would recommend those lucky ones to turn their attention to this employment.

Correspondence.

T. W. H., (Buffalo, N. Y.)—Your should keep the engagement by all means.

Q., (Brooklyn, N. Y.)—We advise you to consult your parents in the matter.

IDA, (New York, N. Y.)—The young man is unworthy of a true girl's love. 2. Your writing is excellent.

EILEEN, (Scott, Tenn.)—Rosamond means "rose of the world." Matilda is the same as Maude, and means "a brave lady." Agnes "a lamb," and Susan "a lily."

SHAKER, (McLean, Ill.)—Pegasus was a fabled horse, with wings, who, as soon as he was born, left the earth and flew up to Mount Helicon, where he fixed his residency and became a favorite with the Muses.

HORACE, (Hampton, S. C.)—The old adage says that "a poet is born, not made." Still, there have been instances in which unpoetical people have learned to write poetry which their relatives and intimate friends thought was good.

R. L. M., (Gratiot, Mich.)—If the young man likes you, and you have no objection to him, there is no harm in your becoming lovers. The more you see of each other before marriage the less chance there will be of your disagreeing after.

AMY, (Westmoreland, Pa.)—The French words "entre nous" mean "between us"—that is, in confidence. A young lady should regard the reception of such a card as an insult. Your writing is undecided and a little childish, but practice and care would soon improve it.

PUER, (Clarke, Ohio.)—The cardinal virtues are justice, prudence, temperance, fortitude. Origin: The term cardinal signifies, in a general sense, pre-eminence. It is derived from the Latin word 'cardo' a hinge; and hence these virtues are reckoned as those on which all others hang or are dependent.

EVELYN, (Beaver, Pa.)—"Self-searching" is the worst possible form of grovelling in the mire. The mind—or heart, if you please—needs to be taken out of itself and fixed on high and good and pure objects, not for the selfish love of those objects, still less for personal safety's sake, but for high and good and pure reasons.

D. R. S., (Richmond, Va.)—Write to him and say that you are now in a position to give him a definite answer. Prudence, however, would suggest that you should try some other means first to find out whether or not his feelings have not in the meantime changed towards you. Get some gentleman friend to sound him on the subject.

EMPLOY, (Christian, Ill.)—It is an established maxim in law that whoever does an act by the hands of another, shall be deemed to have done it himself; and, hence, in many matters, are responsible for the acts of their servants. But if a servant does an unlawful act, not arising out of the discharge of his duties to his master, there the employer is not responsible.

J. R., (Wilcox, Ala.)—You should endeavor to sell the affairs of some person, persons or company capital to your invention, who will, no doubt if they discover that it possesses any real merits, be willing to advance the necessary money to bring it into practical use. In this manner you may be able to dispose of it, or retain a share in any future profit accruing from its manufacture.

MESMER, (Fulton, Ill.)—The clergyman who spoke of mesmerism as a gift of God was evidently a very ignorant or weak-minded man, and a blind guide for others. In so far as there is anything in the power of the eye or of one brain over another, the influence is entirely physical. The subject is not one which will either help you or add to your happiness. Leave it alone

AMBITION, (Brunswick, N. C.)—Before either of you can become professional singers, you must first be instructed in the art. A good voice is essential, but it is not everything. It must be trained, and you must know how to weld music and sentiment, and be skilled in giving expression to the emotions of the human heart. It is not so easy to become a great singer as you think, even with good voices.

S. M. J., (Cayuga, N. Y.)—There is no remedy for a constitutional tendency to blush, except the common-sense one of doing nothing of which you are ashamed, going freely into society, and boldly facing the little incidents and remarks which trouble you, with a frank acknowledgment of your weakness. If we had to choose between a young girl who blushed too much and one who blushed too little, we should much prefer the former.

ROSEBUD, (Wood, Wis.)—No, there is no harm in it. It is done every day. In choosing a husband select one to suit yourself. If you wait until your neighbors, especially your female acquaintances, are pleased with the person you choose, you will die an old maid. There is nothing to hinder a man that is fair loving a woman that is fair. 2. Yes, it would be unlady like for a lady to ask a young gentleman to whom she is not engaged, to walk with her.

QUEENIE H., (Bedford, Va.)—A young lady who receives a note containing the following request—"May I have the pleasure of your company next Sunday evening?" "may accept with pleasure" by saying—"I have no engagement next Sunday evening, and will be very happy to receive you at home." She should then make no other engagement to entertain other visitors, but should feel bound to devote her time to the gentleman from whom she had thus accepted a written request.

A. B. C., (Phila., Pa.)—Androclus, or Androcles, was a Roman slave, probably a tamer of wild animals. There are two stories handed down to us in regard to Androclus and the lion. One is that the beast had been let loose on him in the arena, but refused to attack him. Another is that Androclus sought refuge from a cruel master in a cave, into which a lion one day hobbled with a wooden foot caused by a thorn. Androclus removed the thorn and pressed out the matter from the foot of the beast, who thereupon testified his gratitude with many demonstrations, and became much attached to Androclus. When Androclus was captured by his tyrannical master, the former was condemned to be devoured by a lion, who was to be kept without food for several days. When at length Androclus was given over to the mercies of the lion, to the astonishment of all the spectators the latter, instead of greedily devouring the unhappy slave, fawned on him in the most endearing way. It was the same lion that Androclus had formerly befriended.